

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/6

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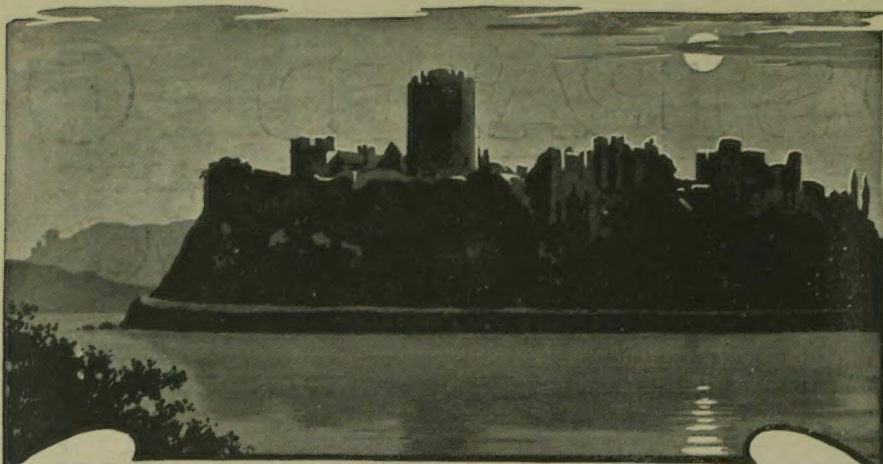
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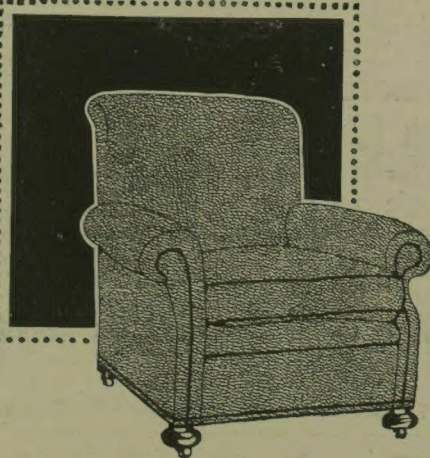
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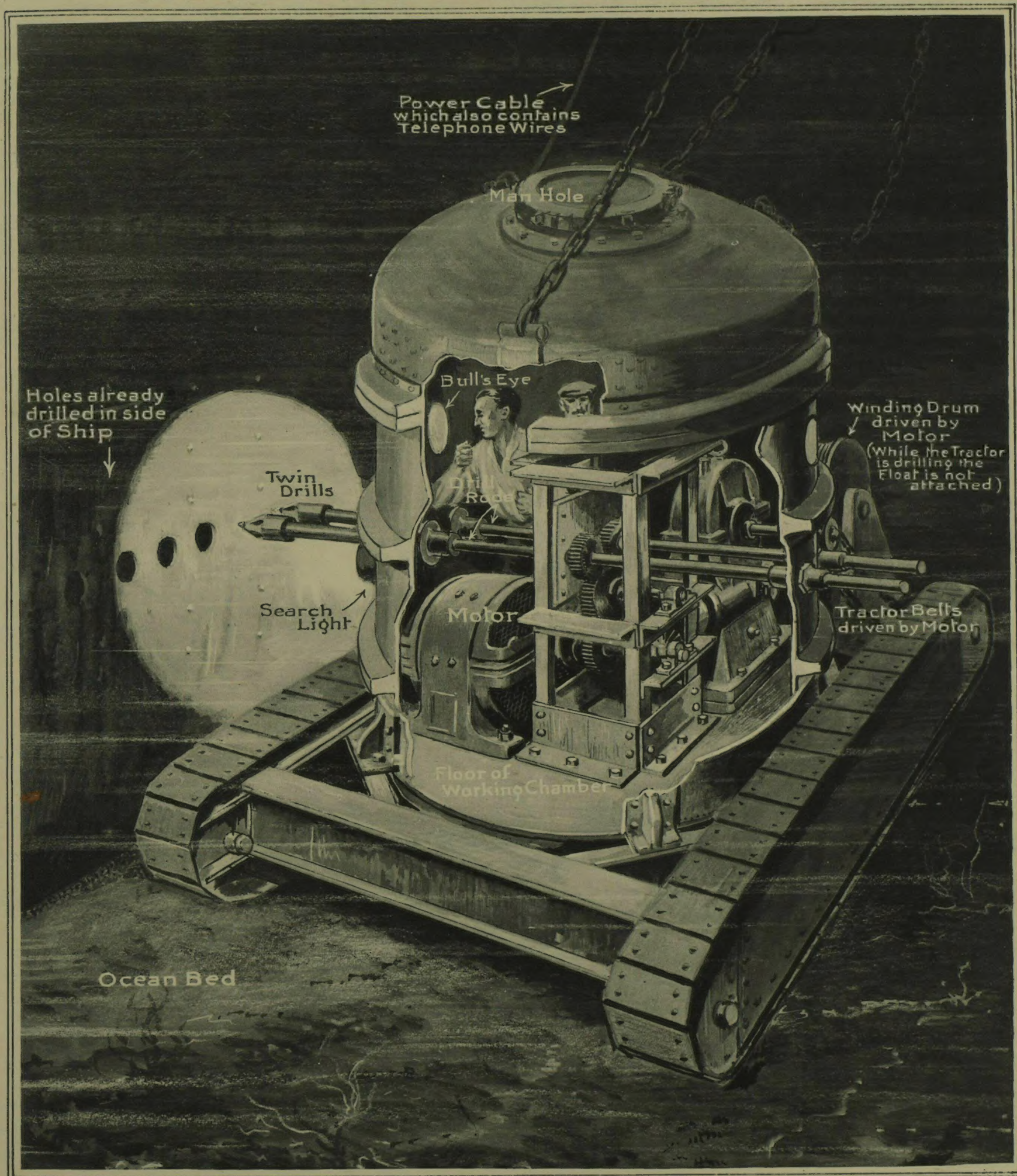


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1923.

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## WRECK-RAISING AND SALVAGE—A SUBJECT OF TOPICAL INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE "LAURENTIC": A SUBMARINE TRACTOR AT WORK—DRILLING HOLES FOR HOOKS IN A SUNKEN SHIP'S SIDE.

The recent statement that nearly all of £5,000,000 worth of bullion has been recovered by the Admiralty salvage operations from the liner "Laurentic," sunk by a mine off Lough Swilly during the war, lends a topical interest to the whole subject of modern diving methods and the raising of wrecks. The matter is of great importance in view of the fact that hundreds of ships, with valuable cargoes, were sunk by German mines or submarines off the British coast and elsewhere during the war. It is claimed by the Reno Marine Salvage Corporation, of New

York, whose system is illustrated above and on a double-page in this number, that by its means many of these vessels could be raised. The method has been successfully used to raise an American coastguard cutter (formerly an Eagle gunboat) accidentally sunk in Long Island Sound. The above diagram shows the crew of a Reno submarine tractor with "caterpillar" wheels, drilling holes in the side of a sunken ship. The holes are for hooks, attached to vertical pontoons, which, being fixed along the ship's sides and filled with compressed air, lift her to the surface.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN." (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that my old friend and foe, Mr. Robert Blatchford, has been denouncing me as a pessimist and a prophet of woe for suggesting that England might some day be a Servile State. And this makes me smile rather more broadly than is at all proper for a prophet of woe. For I remember the time when people were denouncing Mr. Blatchford as a pessimist and a prophet of woe for saying that England might some day conceivably be at war with Germany. It would seem that the dark prophets are not always false prophets; and that my nonsensical nightmare of slavery may yet be classed with his nonsensical nightmare of war. At any rate, it is not self-evident that one of them must come through the gate of ivory and the other through the gate of horn. But I never could quite understand what this particular sort of denunciation of pessimism really meant, either in his case or mine. I have denounced pessimism ever since I could denounce anything; but that was pessimism considered as a philosophy of life. It consisted of saying that life was not worth living because it went wrong; or that it was not worth living even when it went right. But I cannot understand what is the point of being a pessimist or an optimist about whether one particular thing will go wrong or go right. I never understood it during the Great War, when patriots were divided into pessimists and optimists about whether a town was really taken or whether a line could be held. Suppose the simplest form of the question; a question we may have asked ourselves many times on many mornings of late: "Will it rain?" I understand an optimist who says he does not care whether it rains or not; though the optimism may be rather close to stoicism. I understand an optimist who says that if it does rain he will rejoice in the beauty of rain; though that optimism is tinged with mysticism. I understand an optimist who says: "I will glue my nose to the window-pane and gloat over the refreshment of the thirsty earth; or I will dance about in the driving sleet rejoicing in the splendour of the tempest." I understand an optimist who can reconcile himself to the rain for a variety of reasons, as that it is the will of God, or a source of good-humour to the gardener. But I do not understand what is meant by being an optimist about whether it will rain or not. I can hardly see how the philosophy is likely to affect the result. And though there is no comparison between natural laws and the human will, there are human wills that are almost as much beyond our private control as natural laws. And this was exactly what Mr. Blatchford himself perceived and practised in the highly practical question of war with Germany. He did not think there was anything particularly agreeable or gratifying about saying that Prussia would attack. He simply doubted whether anybody could prevent Prussia from attacking. He turned out to be right; but there is no reason to doubt that he would have been very much relieved if he had turned out to be wrong.

But, as a matter of fact, my own case is much stronger than this. For the Servile State, properly understood, is not something that may come if somebody does something. It is something that is only too likely to come if nobody does anything. It is

almost a negative thing, in the sense of being an unconscious drift of modern society. I say, properly understood; for I doubt whether this idea, originally propounded by Mr. Belloc, is even now understood properly or understood at all. It is not the idea that people are, in Mr. Blatchford's phrase, out for slavery. It is not the idea that crusaders are crying aloud on the holy name of slavery, that prophets and preachers are seducing us with the beautiful dreams and memories associated with the word slavery, that mobs are rising everywhere shouting like one man: "Make us slaves!" It is that certain modern tendencies, left to themselves, may produce certain conditions which will be found identical with slavery afterwards, even if they have not been identified with slavery before. I will not expound the theory in detail here, but in substance it is this: that the unconscious combination of our general desire to provide work and food for the poor, with our increasing impatience with strikes and labour quarrels, may lead to a compromise by which the working classes will be fed even when they are not working on condition that they are always ready to work. And if that compromise is enforced by law, it will be slavery,

I know of only one real objection to slavery; and that is that it is not freedom.

But the point here is the negative nature of this social drift. Mr. Blatchford says that our society only has all the material of slavery in the sense in which it has all the material of Bolshevik revolution. But that is exactly the difference. I do not think there will be a Bolshevik revolution in England; I agree with Mr. Blatchford that the English temper and spirit are opposed to it. But that is because the temper is what is called good-temper, and the spirit is not too spirited. You cannot have a Bolshevik revolution without some enthusiasm for Bolshevism; and our populace has no enthusiasm for Bolshevism. But the point is that you can have a Servile State without any extravagant enthusiasm for servility. You can have it as something between a deadlock and a compromise; something accepted at once as a *pis-aller* and a *fait accompli*. In other words, you can reach it by a process of apathy or fatalism; while you can only reach the other through a process of violence and vindictiveness. I think it obvious that the English poor do not suffer from the faults of vindictiveness. I do not think it at all obvious that they do not suffer from the faults of apathy.

For the rest, I may remind him of another paradox that is very practical. The prophet of woe, whenever he is really a true prophet, is always trying to be a false prophet. The prophet would not utter his prophecies except in order to falsify his prophecies. If I say that England may become pagan and servile, it is naturally in the hope that she may prefer to become Christian and free. But I deny that she will become free, or even remain free, merely by remaining self-satisfied, not to say satisfied with the loss of her real self. The English will not avert slavery merely by singing "Britons never will be slaves," any more than

Americans have averted Prohibition by singing "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." It can only be averted by warning and by watchfulness; as in the very sound old truism that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. In a word, there are no optimists, and there are no pessimists, and there is no division between optimism and pessimism. There is nothing but the division between people who are asleep and people who are awake. I have always insisted that very valuable virtues are mixed with the sleepy qualities of our people; and I do not deny that our country asleep has had something of the character of the Sleeping Beauty. But a land that is a sleeping beauty exists to be woken up; and it is well for her if she can be woken up by a lover before she is woken up by an enemy. For even that old legend recognised that things do happen in sleep. Grass grows in the streets and squares, and hair grows on kings and courtiers, and towers are entangled in ivy and gardens are netted in with bramble. It is not a time of negation in which nothing happens, but a time of neglect in which all the wrong things happen. And the peril of the English carelessness is that all sorts of barbaric and heathen things will creep back into it, as moss and thorns creep back into a decaying place. And the first of these old heathen things is the easy, the slovenly, the very human habit of slavery.



THE SEAFORTHS' WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, THE PRINCE OF WALES:  
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY AT FORT GEORGE.

The Prince of Wales, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Seaforth Highlanders, unveiled on August 22 their war memorial at Fort George, Inverness-shire, the regimental depot. The memorial consists of a large bronze tablet let into the wall over the guard-room arch. The Prince, who was wearing the uniform of the regiment, recalled in his address that 50,000 Seaforths (more than Wellington's whole army at Waterloo) served in the Great War, and 8432 (more than all the losses at Waterloo) did not return. In the photograph the Prince is seen in the centre of the group on the platform in the left background.—[Photograph by Personality Photo. Press.]

though it will not be called slavery. It will be the old pagan condition in which men are forced to serve certain masters and masters are expected to support certain men.

Now, this sort of slavery need not be approached by a slave-raid in the style of pirates or kidnappers. It need not be produced by merely bad motives; on the contrary, it is largely supported by good motives; but this does not convince me that it is a good thing. Nevertheless, it will certainly be offered to us as a good thing; and a good many people may be deceived by it, especially the optimists. Thus Mr. Blatchford pleads that many employers desire equitable and friendly relations with their employees. I will pass over the controversial question of whether being equitable implies being equal. But I do not doubt for a moment that many employers desire friendly relations. Nor is there any reason why the relations of master and slaves should not be friendly relations. As a matter of fact, there was much more friendliness in the relations between Southern gentlemen and niggers than in the relations between Northern manufacturers and workmen. I am, as Mr. Blatchford says, treating slavery as a bad thing; but I am not necessarily treating it as a brutal or abominably cruel thing. The temptation to it is human, and the use of it can often be humane.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, L.N.A., WALTER STONEMAN, F.R.P.S., TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



A POPULAR "STAR" OF THE OLD GAIETY DAYS: THE LATE MISS LETTY LIND.



INVENTOR OF AN ANTI-POISON GAS FAN: THE LATE MRS. AYRTON, THE DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST.

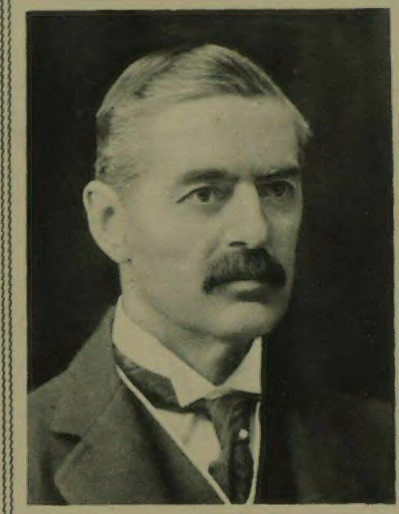


A WELL-KNOWN AND TALENTED ACTRESS: THE LATE MRS. SABA RALEIGH.



A BULGARIAN EX-MINISTER AT PRAGUE ASSASSINATED: THE LATE M. DASKALOFF.

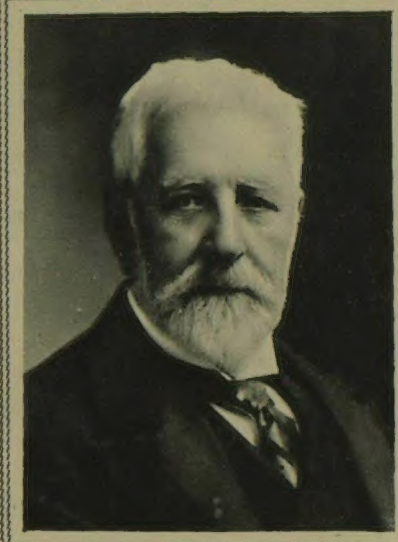
A FAMOUS INDIAN RULING PRINCE THE LATE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.



THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: THE RT. HON. A. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

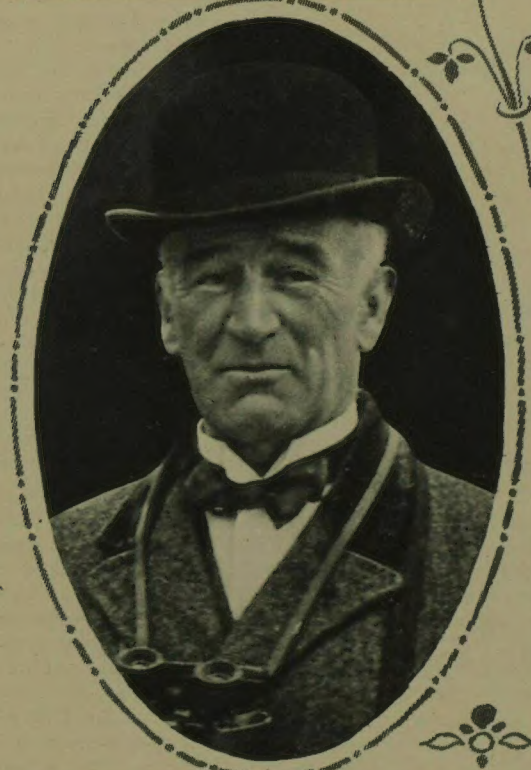


THE NEW MINISTER OF HEALTH: THE RT. HON. SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS, BT., M.P.

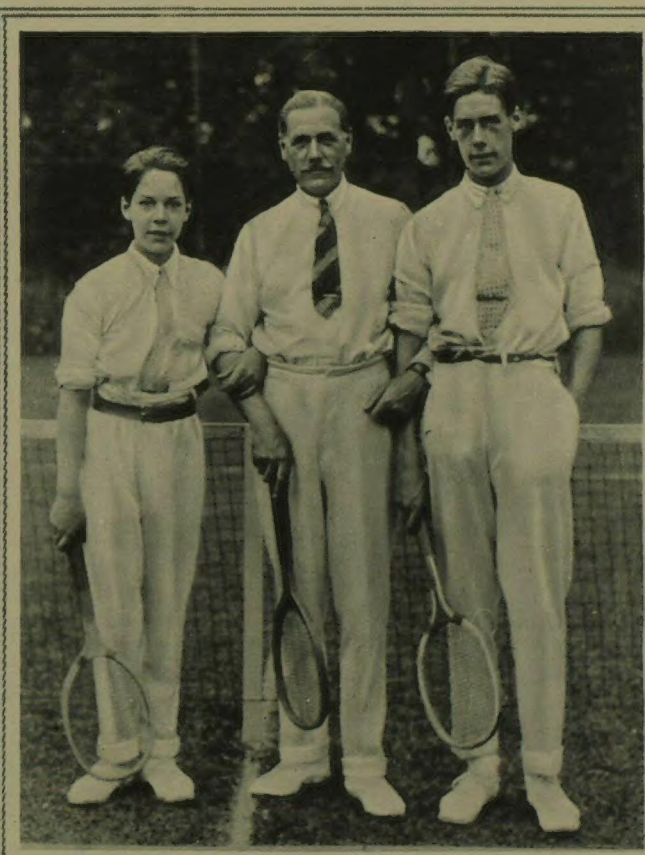


DEATH OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MEREDITH.

A POPULAR AMERICAN WRITER AND PHILANTHROPIST: THE LATE KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN (MRS. G. C. RIGGS).



SERIOUSLY INJURED IN A MOTORING ACCIDENT: ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DE ROBECK, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET.



DAME CLARA BUTT'S ELDER SON DEAD: THE LATE MR. R. G. M. KENNERLEY RUMFORD (RIGHT), WITH HIS FATHER AND BROTHER.



THE DEATH OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN: THE LATE ADMIRAL BARON KATO.

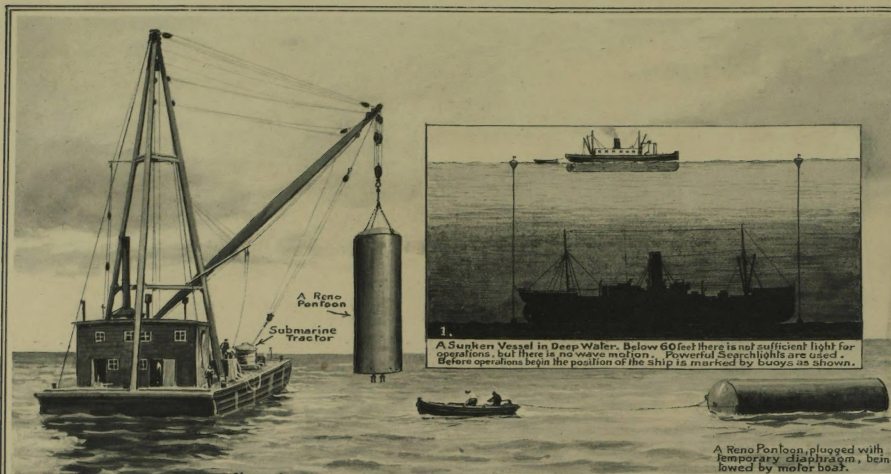
The Gaekwar of Baroda, who died in a train on his way from Berlin to Flushing on August 27, ranked second among the Ruling Princes of India.—Miss Letty Lind was a great favourite at the Gaiety Theatre in the days of burlesque and the earliest musical comedies there and at Daly's Theatre. She was born in 1862.—Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, widow of the late Prof. W. E. Ayrton, was an authority on the electric arc. During the war she invented a fan for dissipating poison-gas which was adopted by the War Office.—Mrs. Saba Raleigh, widow of the late Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the dramatist, died on August 22. Recently she played in "The Marriage of Kitty" on tour. She appeared in many of her husband's plays, and was for some time a member of Irving's company.—Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin (afterwards Mrs. G. C. Riggs) was the author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,"

"Mother Carey's Chickens" and "Penelope's English Experiences"—to name her most popular books.—In consequence of Mr. R. McKenna being unable, for reasons of health, to take up the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, as arranged, the appointment has been given to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who is succeeded as Minister of Health by Sir William Joynson-Hicks.—Sir William Meredith became Chief Justice of Ontario in 1894.—Admiral de Robeck was seriously injured in an accident to his car near Lanark on August 24, and was taken to hospital.—Mr. R. G. M. Kennerley Rumford, elder son of Mr. R. Kennerley Rumford and Dame Clara Butt, died after an operation for meningitis. He played for the Eton cricket eleven against Harrow this year.—Admiral Baron Kato was Chief-of-Staff to Admiral Togo in the Russo-Japanese War.

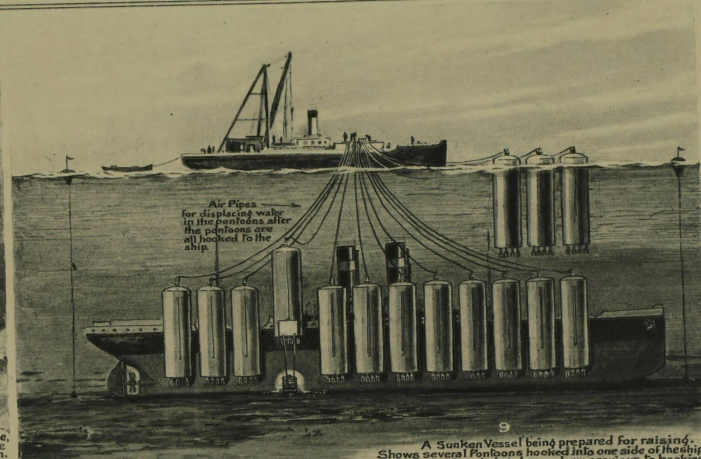
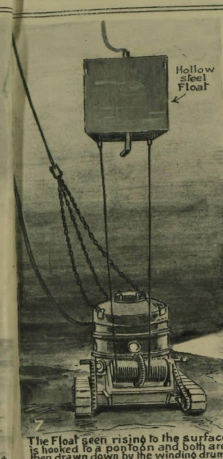
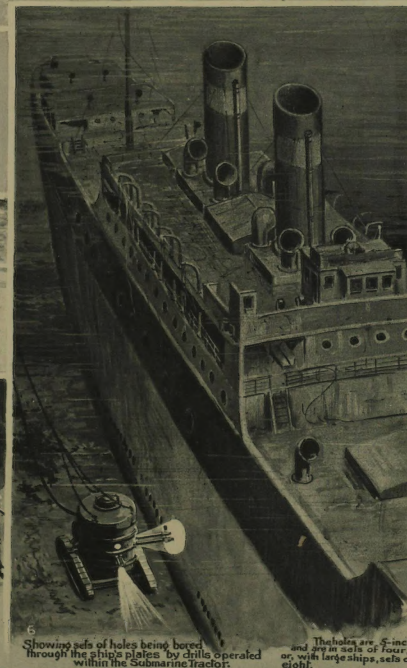
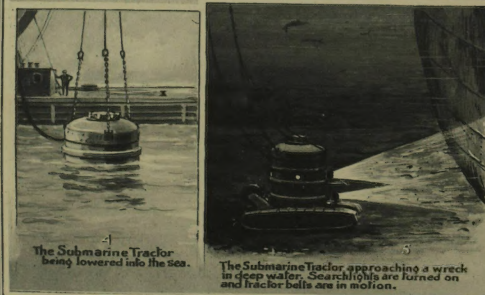
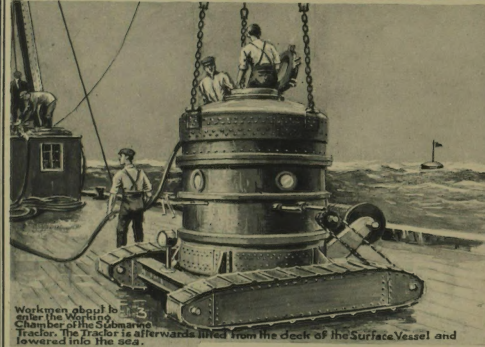


## CAN SHIPS SUNK IN THE WAR BE RAISED? A NEW METHOD BY SUBMARINE TRACTOR AND COMPRESSED-AIR PONTONS.

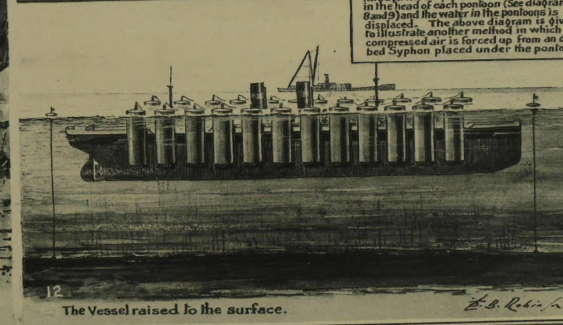
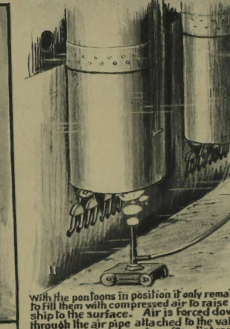
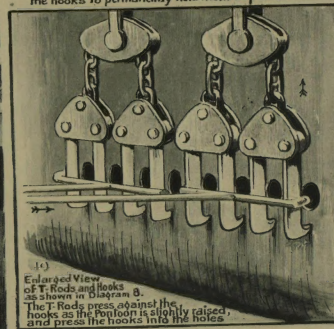
DIAGRAM BY W. B. ROBINSON, ART. ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



Showing type of surface vessel used when the "Sally" was raised from the bottom of Long Island Sound, U.S.A.



The pontoons once hooked into the ship, and partly filled with air, cause sufficient strain on the hooks to permanently hold them in place.



## RAISING SUNKEN SHIPS BY COMPRESSED-AIR PONTONS ATTACHED TO THEIR SIDES BY

It is claimed by the Reno Marine Salvage Corporation, of New York, that many of the hundreds of ships sunk in the war could be raised by their system, as illustrated above. On our front page we show in fuller detail the "caterpillar"-wheeled submarine tractor which is one of the principal units, making it possible to work at unprecedented depths. The system was devised by Mr. Jesse W. Reno, a well-known American engineer, and inventor of the moving staircase. It has been successfully used this year in raising from the bottom of Long Island Sound, at a depth of 60 ft., the American coastguard cutter "Sally" (formerly a gunboat), 200 ft. long, with a displacement of 500 tons. Describing the work, the "Scientific American" says: "The tractor was taken to the scene of operations on the deck of a derrick lighter, which was anchored over the position of the wreck. The tractor weighs 18 tons on the surface, and is lowered to the bottom by the derrick. . . . Two men who form the crew are supplied with air by the same system as that used in sub-

## HOOKS, FITTING INTO HOLES DRILLED FROM A SUBMARINE TRACTOR: THE RENO SYSTEM.

marines. . . . Power is supplied through an electric cable leading from the generator on the mother ship to the tractor. . . . When lowered the men found no difficulty in bringing the tractor alongside the ship. The power was shifted to the drills and the drill shafts were fed forward until the drill points were in contact with the side plates. . . . The operators were able to put a hole through the plates in about 9 minutes. . . . The pontoons, 12 ft. in diameter and 35 ft. long, with a lifting capacity of 100 tons distributed over four hooks, are attached to the sides of the ship by means of four large hooks, which are placed in the holes already drilled. . . . A most ingenious device is used to place the hooks in the holes. . . . a pair of thrust rods provided with T-heads, which move the hooks laterally. . . . After the pontoons are in place, air is forced down through pipe lines, and the water in the pontoons is displaced. . . . As the buoyancy reaches the point where the dead-weight of the ship is overcome, the ship rises to the surface."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## EVENTS AND OCCASIONS: THE LOW MARK; A NAVAL BASE; SCOTLAND'S DAY; THE FARMAN-GOLIATH CRASH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, HALSTEAD, AND C.N.



THE MARK AT 20,000,000 TO THE POUND: A "CHANGE"-SEEKING CROWD AT A BERLIN BANK.



TO BE THE MAIN OIL BASE FOR THE BRITISH FLEET.



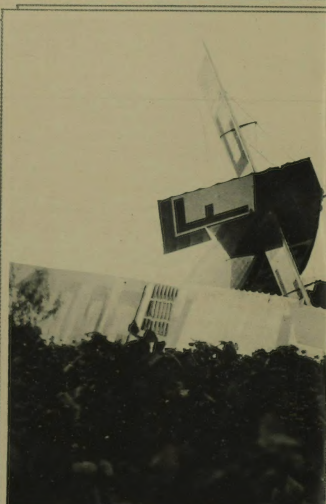
BRITISH FLEET IN EASTERN WATERS? AND ITS HARBOUR.



SCOTLAND'S DAY—AND A "HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND" DEMONSTRATION: A CAR ILLUSTRATING A CROFTER'S COTTAGE.



THE MYSTERIOUS AIR DISASTER AT EAST MALLING: WRECKAGE OF THE FRENCH FARMAN-GOLIATH.



SHOWING THE MACHINE IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE CRASHED FARMAN-GOLIATH.



NUT PLANTATION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FARMAN-GOLIATH.



THE RESCUE OF THOSE ABOARD: THE TOP PLANE CUT AWAY—AND CHAIRS FROM THE AEROPLANE.

It need hardly be said that the extremely low position of the mark makes German financial problems of all kinds extraordinarily difficult, whether they be State or domestic. Small change is a continual trouble—it takes many hours to get it, and amongst the results of this have been the establishment of exchange booths at all sorts of odd positions in the streets, and "runs" on banks, which, on occasion, cannot cash a cheque for five pounds—towards the end of a day! Whether Dr. Stresemann's new plans will do anything to relieve the situation remains to be seen. Meantime, it may be noted that the public have punningly nicknamed the ex-Chancellor, "Chancellor Baise-mark"!—A correspondent tells us that the Admiralty has decided to establish the main oil-base of the British Fleet in eastern waters at Trincomalee, a port on the north of the island of Ceylon, and that this is part of the Singapore Naval Base scheme. In this connection, it may be recalled that, until 1904, Trincomalee was our naval base for the East. Since then, the fine harbour, with its

dockyards, its barracks, and so on, has not been used by the Navy, and very little by the Mercantile Marine. The harbour is big enough to hold the British Fleet.—"Scotland's Day" was celebrated on August 25, by means of a national pageant and procession in Glasgow.—A most unfortunate accident happened at 5.30 in the evening on Monday, August 27, when a big French Farman-Goliath aeroplane, flying from Le Touquet to Croydon, crashed in a nut plantation at East Malling, near Maidstone. A pilot and a mechanic and eight passengers were aboard. One of the passengers was killed, and the other nine travellers were all injured more or less seriously. At the time of writing, the cause of the accident is uncertain. According to one eye-witness, the machine was descending, when it suddenly seemed to get out of control. Luckily, the debris did not catch fire, but the work of the ambulance men was very difficult. The pilot was a Frenchman. The passengers included one woman, an American. The passenger killed was Mr. Leslie E. Gunther, an Oxford undergraduate.



# TWENTY-THREE MILES WITH WAR KIT: THE M.P.'S' WALKING-MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE WALKING-MATCH BETWEEN MR. FRANK GRAY, M.P. FOR OXFORD, AND CAPTAIN C. AINSWORTH, M.P. FOR BURY: MRS. GRAY FOLLOWING HER HUSBAND IN A MOTOR-CAR, AS HE REACHED THE FINAL STAGE OF THE EVENT.



THE COMPETITORS ON THE ROAD BEFORE BECOMING EXHAUSTED: MR. GRAY LEADING CAPTAIN AINSWORTH.



DURING ONE OF HIS SEVERAL "BAD TIMES": CAPTAIN AINSWORTH RISING AFTER COLLAPSING, TO CONTINUE HIS MARCH.



A MILE FROM OXFORD: THE EXHAUSTED MR. GRAY BEING SPONGED AS HE STRUGGLED ALONG.

Some few days ago, Mr. Frank Gray, M.P. for Oxford, challenged anyone of his own age to walk against him from Oxford to Banbury, or vice-versa, a distance of 23 miles, carrying the full equipment of an infantryman. This challenge was accepted by Captain Ainsworth, M.P. for Bury, Lancs; and the contest took place from Banbury Cross to the Martyrs' Memorial, in St. Giles', Oxford, on August 27. The winner was 43 on August 31. The loser is 49. In the latter stages of their "march"—which some, at all events, will regard



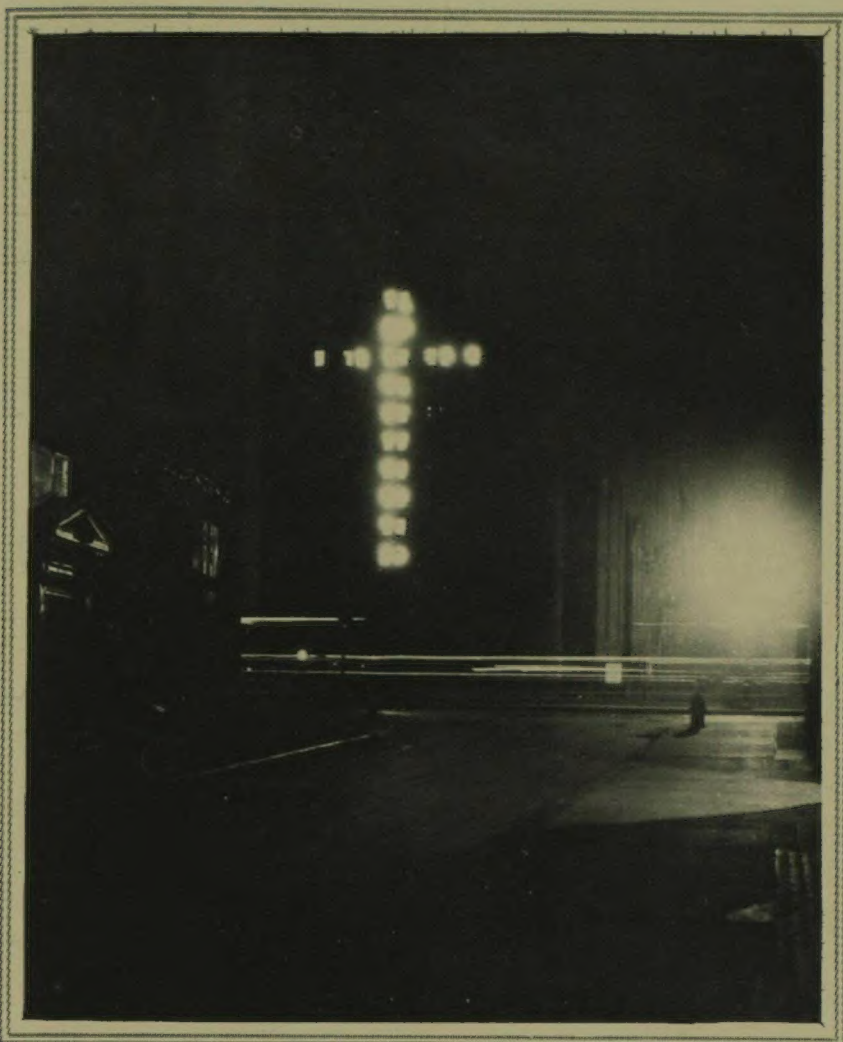
AFTER HE HAD FAINTED AT THE "POST": MR. FRANK GRAY, THE WINNER OF THE WALK.

as an unnecessary strain, very sporting as it was—both competitors were in a state of extreme exhaustion. Each fell three times by the way, with cramp and stitch; and Captain Ainsworth collapsed within a mile of the goal, almost at the moment at which Mr. Gray fell fainting as he arrived at the Martyrs' Memorial. A doctor forbade Captain Ainsworth to continue. The winner covered the 23 miles in 6 hrs. 1 min. During the war Mr. Gray was in the Royal Berkshire Regiment, and Captain Ainsworth in a Yeomanry Regiment.



# THE LATE PRESIDENT HARDING: OFFICE WINDOWS AS CROSSES OF LIGHT.

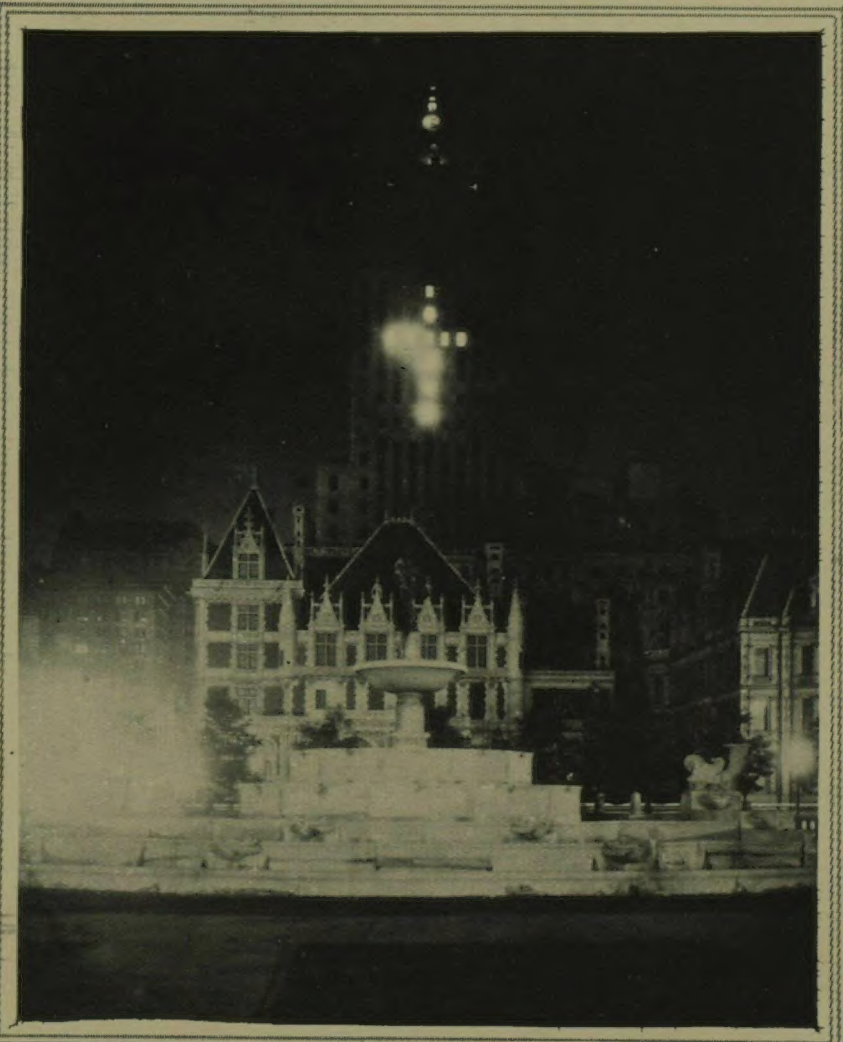
PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY S. E. D. SERVICE (SOCIETY FOR ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT, NEW YORK).



NEW YORK'S NOVEL TRIBUTE: LIT WINDOWS FORMING A CROSS ON NO. 2, RECTOR STREET, ABOVE TRINITY CHURCH.



ONE OF OVER 100 SIMILAR CROSSES IN NEW YORK ON THE EVE OF THE FUNERAL: THAT ON THE BANKERS TRUST BUILDING.



SHOWING THE PLAZA FOUNTAIN AND THE VANDERBILT PALACE IN THE FOREGROUND: THE CROSS ON THE HECKSHER BUILDING.



WITH A "TREE" 17 STOREYS HIGH AND EIGHT WINDOWS WIDE: THE GREAT CROSS ON THE WHITEHALL BUILDING.

On the night of August 9, while the body of President Harding lay in his father's home in Marion, Ohio, New York City was also paying a final silent tribute to the dead. High above the streets and visible for miles around, huge crosses of light sprang up against the black background of the skyscrapers. These were viewed by thousands within the city as well as across the Hudson River in New Jersey. This sign of public mourning, used for the first time in history by New York, was organised by the Building Managers' and Owners' Association. From dusk until the coming of dawn hundreds of these crosses of light from tall buildings

all over the city kept their solemn vigil. They carried their message to ships in the bay, and twinkled across the water to the Jersey shore. Down the front of the Whitehall Building, for example, facing Battery Park and overlooking the spot where, after the Revolution, Washington embarked to return to Mount Vernon, stretched a huge cross that was visible far down New York harbour. Trinity churchyard was faced on three sides by huge crosses. One cross, at 2, Rector Street, to the west of this graveyard, seemed almost to rise from the Hamilton monument. More than 100 other large buildings were similarly illuminated.



# MINOAN ART 4000 YEARS AGO: TREASURES FROM CRETAN ISLETS.

By RICHARD B. SEAGER, Director of Excavations for the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the American School of Athens.

ABOUT fifty miles to the east of Candia, the Gulf of Mirabello cuts a deep bay into the northern coast of Crete, reducing the width of the island at this point to a bare seven miles. This strip of almost

of rebuilding; and, though most of the coast towns revived, Pseira was definitely abandoned.

The site was to a large extent excavated by me in 1907, on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, and one sees a huddle of small houses covering the entire point, with steep stepways descending at intervals to the shore of the little cove. The beauty of many of the objects found in the houses of what must have been a village of fisher and sailor folk was surprising. The pottery as a whole was of excellent quality, and some of the big painted jars particularly fine. Nearly two hundred stone vases and lamps were found in the ruins; bronze, in the shape of weapons, tools, etc., was found, but in comparatively small amounts, which would make it appear that the inhabitants had some warning of the

In all probability, at that time the islet was connected with the mainland by a narrow neck of land, now barely submerged.

The settlement in early times covered a smaller area than that of Pseira; but in the Late Minoan I. period a number of houses sprang up on the mainland side, as well as on Mochlos itself. The town covered the southern slope of the islet, facing the opposite Cretan shore. Granting the theory that Mochlos was then joined to the mainland, it would have possessed an excellent little harbour, sheltered from all but the very rare easterly gales.

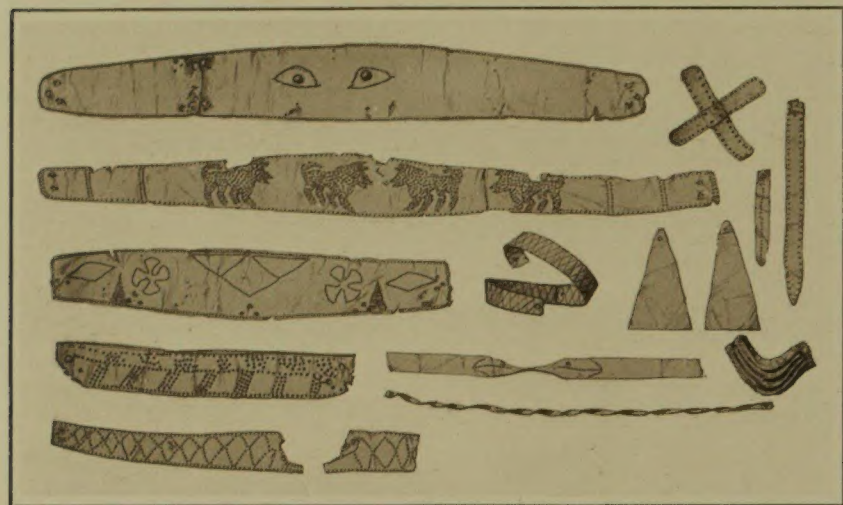
The town fell a victim to the same catastrophe which overwhelmed Pseira, and was not reoccupied until Roman times, when the hillside was covered with houses of no particular interest, the foundations of which made havoc of the earlier Minoan levels. During the excavations conducted by me in 1908 for the American School of Athens, the town's site was tested at various points, and a few houses were cleared; but the necessity of constantly tearing away deep Roman foundation walls made the process of excavation a slow one, and work on the site was abandoned after the discovery of the cemetery.

This cemetery constitutes the chief interest of the excavations on Mochlos, and produced a mass of new and interesting material, which may be said to have revolutionised the previously held view that the Early Minoan period was only slightly more advanced than the preceding Neolithic Age.

The graves were found on the rocky eastern face of the island, scattered about in crannies of the cliffs and covering the more open slopes. There must at one time have been many more; but the lower part of the slope has been almost denuded of soil in the course of centuries, and the contents of many graves must have been carried over the cliffs into the sea. All over this part of the hillside, stone vases and small objects of various sorts were found scattered about in the scanty soil, the graves to which they had belonged having otherwise disappeared.

The graves themselves were of various types. Some were merely a trench lined with rough stone walls, others were cist graves, lined and covered with thin stone slabs; some were jar burials—that is to say, bones covered by an inverted clay jar. In the upper part of the cemetery, close under the cliffs, another class of tombs, six in number, came to light. These all belonged to the Early Minoan period, and were built chambers entered by a doorway closed by a large stone slab. In most cases they seem to have been roofed, and all contained the remains of a number of bodies. They were, in fact, charnel-houses, to which the bones were removed after the flesh had disappeared. This was evident from the confused masses of bones which seem to have been piled on the floor in heaps. The gold ornaments, often crushed into tight packets, the stone vases and other objects, were mixed in with the bones in hopeless confusion. One or two of these chambers had been partly plundered, and re-used for burial purposes in the Middle Minoan III. period; but three at least had come down to us with their rich contents intact. They contained a quantity of gold ornaments, beautiful stone vases, weapons, necklaces of semi-precious stones, seals of chalcedony, carnelian and ivory, and a few clay vases.

(Continued on Pages 388-389, where many of the objects found are illustrated.)



PROOF OF PROFICIENCY IN METAL-WORK IN THE EARLY MINOAN PERIOD: GOLD ORNAMENTS AND DIADEMS FROM A CLIFF TOMB ON THE ISLAND OF MOCHLOS (ABOUT 2500 B.C.).

level ground, to-day called the Isthmus of Hierapetra, occupies the break between the Tripiti Mountains on the east and the Lasethi massif on the west. It seems from early times to have been an important trade route between the north and south coasts of the island, and its course is marked by the remains of several early settlements. Before the days of steam, the isthmus must have played a more important part than it does to-day, although even now much of the trade of Hierapetra passes across this neck of land. Hierapetra lies nearly opposite Cyrene, and is at the end of Crete nearest to Egypt. Trading vessels plying between Crete and the African coast could land their wares at Hierapetra, whence they could be carried seven miles across an almost level strip of country, and re-shipped at the northern end of the isthmus. Weather in Crete is notably uncertain, and the island for a great part of the year is lashed by terrific gales. The voyage around the eastern end of Crete is, for sailing craft, a difficult, and at times a lengthy, business, as they are often held up for days under the lee of Cape Sidero waiting for a favourable wind to round the point. Pre-supposing our overland trade route, one would expect a number of settlements at the northern end of the isthmus, which could supply the required shipping. This is exactly what we do find in the Minoan sites of Gournia, Pachyammos, Kavusi, and the island of Pseira, with which last we are about to deal.

## PSEIRA.

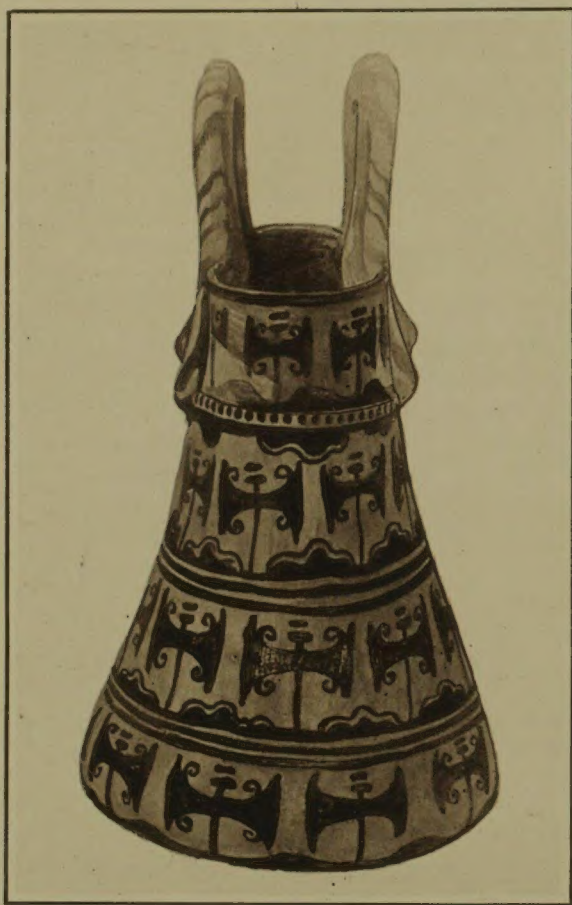
As one sails across the Gulf of Mirabello, a barren and rocky island, to-day called Pseira, strikes one's attention, especially the view of its eastern face, which rises in sheer cliffs to about 1000 feet. On its western side the island slopes gradually down to the sea. Near the middle of the western shore, a narrow point, jutting into the sea, forms on its southern side a small cove, the port of the ancient settlement, the houses of which covered the surrounding slopes.

Pseira lies about three miles from the Cretan coast, and measures about a mile in length by half a mile in width. In spite of the scanty soil and lack of water, a settlement was established there shortly after the close of the Stone Age, and by the Early Minoan II. period, circa 2800 B.C., a small but prosperous village had sprung up.

The area of this village gradually increased during the succeeding periods until, in the Late Minoan I. age, the houses covered the entire point and the adjoining hillock to the south.

The existing ruins belong chiefly to this time, which can be roughly placed at about 1600 B.C. Not long after this date, some great catastrophe overtook the Minoans, and every settlement in Eastern Crete went up in flames at the hands of some enemy. Pseira shared the common fate, and after 1000 years of habitation was abandoned to the desolation in which it still remains.

One must suppose that this Minoan town sprang up with the commencement of Minoan trading activities, and grew and flourished until the Minoan sea-power collapsed at the end of the Late Minoan I. period, and complete destruction overtook all Eastern Crete. Apparently, with the loss of the control of the sea, an outlying island was too unsafe to permit



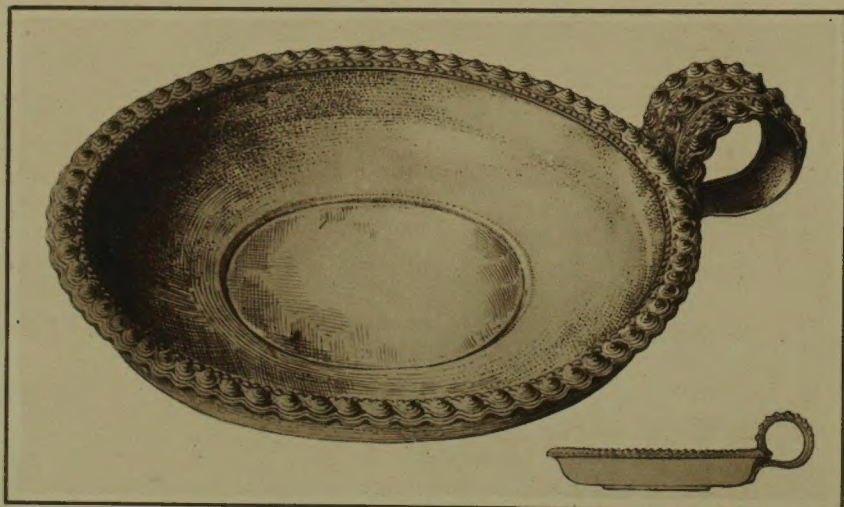
DECORATED WITH A DESIGN OF SACRED DOUBLE-HEADED AXES: A BASKET-SHAPED VASE OF THE LATE MINOAN I. PERIOD (ABOUT 1600 B.C.) FROM THE ISLAND OF PSEIRA.

impending catastrophe, and were able to remove their more precious metal objects to a place of safety.

## MOCHLOS.

Leaving Pseira and sailing eastward, one rounds, about five miles away, a rocky point on the mainland coast, and finds oneself before another islet lying close against the Cretan shore. It is almost egg-shaped, of high, rocky formation, and only about 100 yards offshore. This islet, which is to-day called Mochlos, was, like Pseira, the site of an early settlement.

Its history began about the same time—that is to say, with the opening of the Early Minoan period.



DATING FROM ABOUT 1600 B.C.: A BRONZE BASIN OF THE LATE MINOAN I. PERIOD FOUND ON THE TOWN SITE AT MOCHLOS BENEATH THE LATER FOUNDATIONS OF ROMAN BUILDINGS.—[Photographs by Mr. Richard B. Seager.]



## PENDANTS TO CRETE'S ANCIENT SPLENDOUR: TWO MINOAN ISLAND SITES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. RICHARD B. SEAGER.



SHOWING MINOAN RUINS, DESOLATE SINCE ABOUT 1600 B.C., WHEN SOME ENEMY RAVAGED THE WHOLE OF EASTERN CRETE: THE SITE ON THE ADJACENT ISLAND OF PSEIRA, WHERE NEARLY 200 STONE VASES AND LAMPS OF FINE WORKMANSHIP HAVE BEEN FOUND.



PROBABLY THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SOME GREAT FAMILY IN DAYS WHEN THE PYRAMIDS WERE ALMOST NEW AND BARBARISM REIGNED IN EUROPE: THE ISLAND OF MOCHLOS—SHOWING THE TOWN SITE (NEAR THE SHORE) AND CLIFFS (ON THE LEFT) WHERE RICHLY STORED TOMBS WERE FOUND.

The islands of Pseira and Mochlos, where the treasures of Minoan art illustrated in this number were found by Mr. R. B. Seager, are situated (as described in his article on page 386) in the gulf of Mirabello off the north-eastern coast of Crete. "Pseira," he writes, "measures about a mile in length by half a mile in width. A settlement was established there shortly after the close of the Stone Age, and by the Early Minoan II. period, *circa* 2800 B.C., a small but prosperous village had sprung up. . . . The existing ruins can be roughly placed at about 1600 B.C. Not long after this date some great catastrophe overtook the Minoans, and every settlement in eastern Crete went up in flames at the hand of some enemy.

Pseira shared the common fate, and, after 1000 years of habitation, was abandoned. . . . One sees a huddle of small houses covering the entire point, with steep stepways descending at intervals to the shore." Mochlos is an egg-shaped rocky islet only about 100 yards from the mainland and probably once connected with it by an isthmus. The Minoan settlement there was contemporary with Pseira and perished in the same calamity. The richness of the gold-work and pottery found in the cliff tombs revolutionised previous views on the Early Minoan period. Although these sites were excavated some fifteen years ago, as Mr. Seager mentions, the results have never before been published in a popular form.

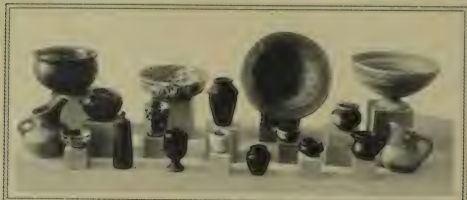


# DISCOVERIES THAT REVOLUTIONISED KNOWLEDGE OF EARLY MINOAN ART: GOLD-WORK AND POTTERY 4000 YEARS OLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. RICHARD B. SEAGER, DIRECTOR OF EXCAVATIONS FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM AND THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ATHENS.



"PERHAPS EVEN MORE REMARKABLE THAN THE GOLD OBJECTS": SOME OF THE 150 EARLY MINOAN VASES FROM THE MOCHLOS CEMETERY (ABOUT 2500 B.C.).



"SOME OF THE STONE CUPS AND BOWLS ARE . . . NO THICKER THAN A CHINA TEA-CUP": EARLY MINOAN II. STONE AND CLAY VASES FROM MOCHLOS.

*Continued from page 386.*  
ONE of the three intact tombs at Mochlos produced as many as 115 gold objects. Their actual value as metal is slight, as most of them are of small size and thin gold, but one is amazed by the delicacy of the gold chains and the charm of the flower-shaped pins, which show a proficiency in metal-working hardly to be expected in Crete at so early a date as 2500 B.C. Among these gold objects are several bands or diadems which show signs of having been worn for years, and were not merely made for funerary purposes. The large series of stone vases, about 150 in number, are perhaps even more remarkable than the gold objects. They range in size from a tumbler to a soup-plate, and are carved in a wonderful variety of materials: bright-coloured marbles of various sort, breccias, steatite, both opaque and translucent, serpentine and alabasters. The brilliant veining of the stones used, the variety of shapes and delicate workmanship, excite the admiration of all who see them. In some cases, the shape of the vessel has been adapted to suit the veining of the particular piece of stone from which it has been carved, so that one is almost

*(Continued opposite)*



OF THE LATE MINOAN I. PERIOD (ABOUT 1600 B.C.): A RHYTON, WITH FISH DESIGN, AND A CLAY BULL, FROM PSIRA.



"ONE IS AMAZED BY THE DELICACY OF THE GOLD CHAINS AND THE CHARM OF THE FLOWER-SHAPED PINS": EARLY MINOAN GOLD ORNAMENTS FROM MOCHLOS.



FOUND "WITH THEIR RICH CONTENTS INTACT": THREE OF THE EARLY MINOAN CHAMBER TOMBS, ONE OF WHICH CONTAINED 115 GOLD OBJECTS, IN THE MOCHLOS CLIFFS.

*Continued from above.*

perhaps princely, house, which had its seat on the islet of Mochlos. The Psira cemetery produced a great number of stone vases, but they cannot compare with those of Mochlos, either in beauty of materials or in point of workmanship. Then, too, almost no gold was found in the Psira graves, but there was a far greater abundance of coarse pottery. Thus, in all probability, we have at Mochlos the burial-place of some family of great importance in Eastern Crete in the dawn of its history, at a time when the Pyramids of Gizeh had only recently been built and Europe was still in the darkness of barbarism." So writes Mr. R. B. Seager in his article begun on page 386 and continued above. To recapitulate, it may be recalled that the beautiful examples of Minoan craftsmanship here illustrated were discovered by him in the little islands of Mochlos and Psira, off the coast of Crete. The richest finds were made in the cliff-tombs of Mochlos. "This cemetery," Mr. Seager writes, "produced a mass of new and interesting material which may be said to have revolutionised



INCLUDING A DIRECT COPY (THIRD IN TOP ROW) OF A SIXTH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN ORIGINAL: EARLY MINOAN II. STONE VASES FROM MOCHLOS.



"CARVED IN A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF MATERIALS": EARLY MINOAN STONE AND CLAY VASES FROM THE CEMETERY ON THE ISLAND OF MOCHLOS.



DECORATED WITH THE SACRED DOUBLE-AXE DESIGN: A VASE OF THE LATE MINOAN I. PERIOD (1600 B.C.), AND A CLAY BULL, FROM THE ISLAND OF PSIRA.

*Continued.*  
persuaded that the veined pattern must be artificial. Some of the stone cups and bowls are so delicately carved that their walls are no thicker than those of a china tea-cup. The shapes show close analogies with those of Egyptian stone vases of the Fourth to Sixth Dynasties, and it was from Egypt, undoubtedly, that the Minoans borrowed the knowledge of stone-cutting which enabled them to produce this beautiful series. . . . The seals of nearly every Minoan period are represented. First, in point of age, come rough cones and cylinders of steatite, crudely carved; these are followed by large and elaborate seals of ivory, which in turn are superseded by the three and four-sided seals of the Middle Minoan Age. Finally, there are a few of the common lentoid and amygdaloid gems of the Late Minoan period, belonging to some late jar burials of children found near the eastern fringe of the cemetery. The richness of these early graves at Mochlos is in such striking contrast to the contents of the Psira cemetery, with which it is contemporary, that one feels that these chamber-tombs must have been the burial-places of an important, or

*(Continued below)*



FROM A MOCHLOS TOMB OF 2500 B.C.: EARLY MINOAN NECKLACES OF ROCK-CRYSTAL AND GOLD, AN IVORY SEAL, AND OTHER ORNAMENTS OF GOLD AND SILVER.



SHOWING THE COAST OF THE CRETAN MAINLAND IN THE BACKGROUND: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE THREE EARLY MINOAN CHAMBER TOMBS IN THE CLIFFS.

the previously held view that the Early Minoan period was only slightly more advanced than the preceding Neolithic Age. The graves were found on the rocky eastern face of the island scattered about in crannies of the cliffs. . . . Close under the cliffs another class of tombs, six in number, came to light. These all belonged to the Early Minoan period, and were built chambers, entered by a doorway closed by a large stone slab. . . . Three at least had come down to us with their rich contents intact. They contained a quantity of gold ornaments, beautiful stone vases, weapons, necklaces of semi-precious stones, seals of chalcedony, carnelian and ivory, and a few clay vases." The remainder of Mr. Seager's description is given above, and the illustrations show a number of the remarkable discoveries to which he refers. In his article he mentions that the date of the Early Minoan period was about 2500 B.C., and that of the Late Minoan I. period about 1600 B.C.



# JARS NEARLY 4000 YEARS OLD: MINOAN POTTERY FROM CRETAN ISLETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. R. B. SEAGER.



DATING FROM THE LATE MINOAN I. PERIOD (ABOUT 1600 B.C.): A JAR FROM THE TOWN SITE AT MOCHLOS, AN ISLET OFF CRETE.



ONE OF NEARLY 200 EXAMPLES OF POTTERY FOUND ON THE ISLAND OF PSEIRA: A JAR OF THE LATE MINOAN I. PERIOD.



OF A TYPE USED FOR BURIALS, FOR INVERSION OVER THE BONES: A LATE MINOAN I JAR FROM THE CEMETERY AT MOCHLOS.



DECORATED WITH RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS INCLUDING BULLS' HEADS AND DOUBLE AXES: A LATE MINOAN I. JAR FROM THE ISLAND OF PSEIRA.

Describing (on page 386) his discoveries on the island of Pseira off the Cretan coast, Mr. R. B. Seager says: "The beauty of many of the objects found in the houses of what must have been a village of fisher and sailor folk was surprising. The pottery as a whole was of excellent quality, and some of the big painted jars particularly fine. Nearly two hundred stone vases and lamps were found in the ruins." The objects discovered on the neighbouring island of Mochlos, mostly in the cemetery, but some on the town site, were even finer. They included about 150 stone vases. "The graves," writes Mr. Seager, "were of various types. . . . Some were jar burials, that is to say, bones covered by an inverted

clay jar." Among the jewellery and ornaments were "a few of the common lentoid and amygdaloid gems of the Late Minoan period belonging to some late jar burials of children found near the eastern fringe of the cemetery." Discussing the respective results on the two islands, Mr. Seager says: "The Pseira cemetery produced a great number of stone vases, but they cannot compare with those of Mochlos either in beauty of materials or in point of workmanship. Then, too, almost no gold was found in the Pseira graves, but there was a far greater abundance of coarse pottery." Other examples of vases from both islands are illustrated on a double-page in this number.



## A PARTED CABLE DUE TO A SUBMARINE CONVULSION?—THE SEA-BED.

DRAWN BY W. D. ROBINSON FROM A MODEL OF THE BED OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC, BY COURTESY OF THE EASTERN TELEGRAPH CO



"WHERE THE SHELL-BURRED CABLES CREEP": A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM OF THE BED OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC, SHOWING HOW SUBMARINE MOUNTAINS RISE TO OR NEAR THE SURFACE, SOME FORMING ISLANDS ABOVE.

It was reported a few days ago by the Eastern Telegraph Company that a repair-ship at work on a deep-sea cable which had parted, between Cape Town and St. Helena, discovered that the ocean bed had risen to within three quarters of a mile of the surface at a point where the chart showed a depth of three miles. The soundings for the chart were taken when the cable was laid in 1899, and the discovery indicates that an immense submarine convulsion must have recently occurred. The break in the cable has been located 800 miles from the Cape. The company's report states that one of the broken ends has already been

recovered, and that repairs are proceeding; meanwhile traffic by this cable, which is a link on the Australian route, has been temporarily diverted. The above diagram, which represents the Eastern Telegraph Company's model of the bed of the north Atlantic, does not, of course, show the actual scene of the upheaval, which took place in the south Atlantic, but it may be regarded as typical of the formation of the ocean floor, rising here and there into lofty peaks, whose summits, when they emerge above the surface of the sea, become islands. In our drawing the cables of the Eastern Associated Telegraph Companies are marked in black.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

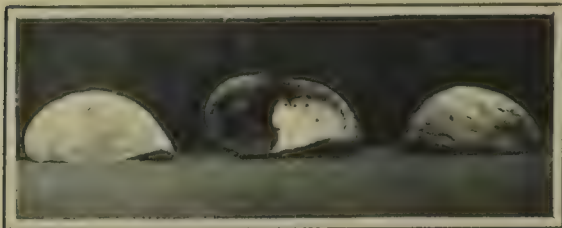


### OYSTER FARMS AND THE OYSTER'S FOES.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

OUR legislators are not always wise, and sometimes they commit errors of judgment which defeat their own avowed ends. Just now we are all particularly anxious to increase our home industries and reduce unemployment. Both these ends were given promise of attainment in a Bill which sought to obtain powers to take over a large area of the foreshore of the Thames estuary, for the purpose of establishing an oyster-farm. But the Bill was thrown out, on the ground that it would deprive the local fishermen of a living, and local farmers of a valuable source of manure, derived from the dead bodies of starfishes.

The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries spoke in favour of the Bill. But he seems to have been



ONE OF THE OYSTER'S DEADLIEST ENEMIES: THE SLIPPER-LIMPET, SO CALLED FROM THE INNER SHELF (SEEN IN THE CENTRE SPECIMEN).

Slipper-limpets, which smother the helpless oysters by fastening down on their shells, have become a pest on British oyster-farms. They were introduced with American oysters imported for "laying-down."

unprepared for opposition, since his only plea in its defence was that the passage of the Bill would bring about the employment of more men, and the capture of more starfishes than ever. Nevertheless, this assurance failed to carry conviction. If all the facts that might have been adduced had been put before the House, it would probably have passed that Bill.

An oyster-farm, to be commercially successful, demands the services of a large army of men, and



SHOWING HOLES PIERCED BY THE BORING-SPONGE (CLIONA): AN OYSTER-SHELL.

By piercing holes in the shell, the boring-sponge causes irritation which delays or prevents the oyster from fattening.

their ceaseless and undivided attention. Whitstable and Colchester demonstrate this much. Considerable though the harvest be of these two places, the supply is far indeed from satisfying the demand. This much is shown by the fact that a very large percentage of the oysters eaten in this country are imported from Portugal.

By long usage, the term "native" oyster is always associated with Whitstable oysters. But it equally belongs to all oysters bred or reared on or near the Thames estuary; though some may have been introduced from a brood which was brought from Scotland. For some unexplained reason, oysters bred on the London clay acquire a greater delicacy of flavour than anywhere else around our coasts. Possibly this is due to a more generous food-supply, the diatoms, and other microscopic organisms on which these creatures feed, finding in this area a more congenial habitat, and so multiplying at a greater rate—to the great benefit, in the first place of the oysters, and later of those who love "dining well."

In London alone, thousands of tons of oysters are annually consumed. It has been computed that in Great Britain no fewer than sixteen hundred million oysters are produced every year; but this is far below the numbers produced by the French and American fisheries. The latter amount to over five thousand five hundred million. In the herring fishery, the men let down their nets and trust to "luck." It is far otherwise with the oyster fishery. The beds have to be ceaselessly watched: the young oysters have to be carefully nursed and transferred from one place to another, to prevent overcrowding and other ills.

Apart from the devastating effects of cold currents, and other adverse physical influences, the oyster has numerous deadly enemies. The common starfish is one of these. Travelling in hordes, starfishes will demolish an oyster-bed in a single night. Their method of attack has only comparatively recently become known, and it is a very remarkable one.

Seizing the helpless mollusc with its powerful sucker feet, the starfish proceeds to erect itself upon the tips of its long fingers, converting its body into a sort of tent, or cage, enclosing its victim. Presently the shell is wrenched open, when the starfish proceeds to force its stomach out of its mouth into the shell of its victim. In a surprisingly short space of time the soft, juicy body is digested, and the empty shell cast away.

The slipper-limpet is another serious enemy. This pest is an alien who came over as a "stowaway" with American "blue-points," introduced for "laying-down" to improve our own stock! Slipper-limpets first appeared on the Whitstable beds, and from thence are spreading round the coast. Two or three years ago I found large numbers of their strange shells on the beach at Aldeburgh. That they have now become a very serious pest is shown by the fact that, in 1916, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries made a grant to the oyster-fisheries for the purpose of discovering whether some economic use could not be found for these undesirables, which, though removed in tons, seemed to show no diminution.

For the sake of the good name of the harmless, true limpet, let me explain that this creature (the slipper-limpet) has nothing to do with "limpets"; but is nearly related to the "periwinkles." It belongs to a group remarkable for the fact that the inside of the shell contains a curiously "shelf-like" projection, which, in some species, takes the form of a horse-shoe, in others of a circular plate, rather like a lamp-shade; while in the "slipper-limpet" it has evolved into a shelf, shown in the adjoining photograph. Those who are interested in shells should search for specimens of this notorious interloper when wandering along the beaches of the East Coast of England. New records of the further extension of its range may thus be obtained. Another enemy of the oyster is the small boring sponge, *Cliona*, which bores in between the layers of the oyster's shell, piercing them with tiny holes, and causing serious irritation, which delays, or prevents, their fattening.

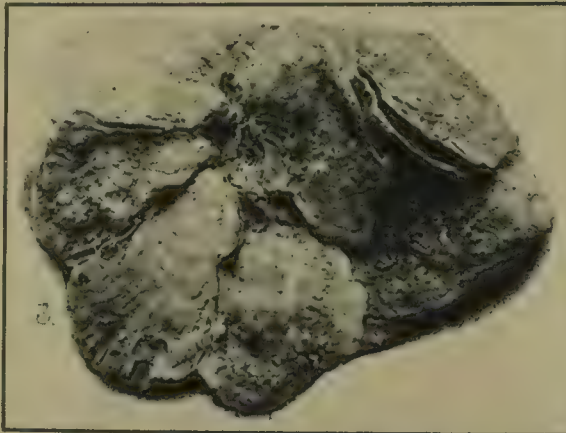
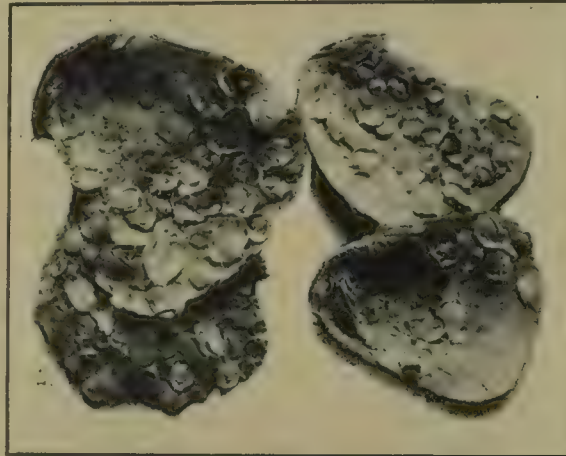
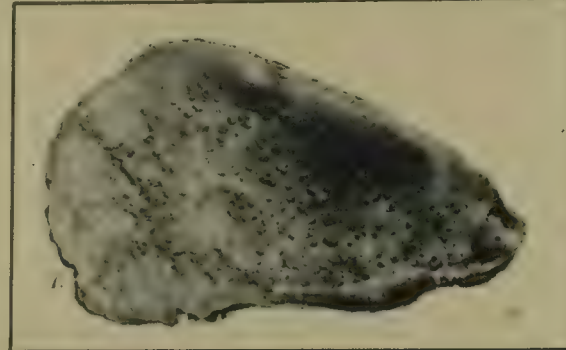
Of all living creatures, surely the oyster is least to be envied. It merely lives, "desiring without hope." For a few brief days in its very early life, it enjoys the freedom of the seas; swimming, care-free, in the sunlit upper waters. But Nemesis soon overtakes it. Its tiny pair of shells speedily become too heavy to be borne. Slowly it sinks to the bottom. If a kindly fate drifts it to a suitable spot on the sea-floor, all is well. It sinks with the heavier of its two shells downwards, and here, for the rest of its life, it remains. The currents of water which bring the life-giving oxygen to its gills bring also its food, which is swallowed automatically. Sightless, earless, toothless, limbless, it lives within a living tomb. All unwittingly it enjoys a periodical change of being, which is shared by few other creatures—it is alternately male and female! Whether or not this is a thrilling experience who can say?

While playing the feminine rôle the oyster produces eggs by the million. These are fertilised by neighbouring oysters whose turn has come to be masculine; the spermatozoa being drawn into the shells by the currents which bring fresh water and food. In a day or so, each fertilised egg has developed into a minute, living body, provided with a circlet of vibratile hairs. But they still remain within the shelter of the parental shell; and in such numbers that they form a sort of white cloud. On the oyster-farms, such oysters are known as "white-sick." But

in the course of a couple of days the youngsters become dark in colour, and enclosed between a couple of symmetrical shells, with a tuft of cilia projecting from one end. The mother oyster is now said to be "black-sick."

In the course of a week or so the youngsters' time comes to go out into the great world. They leave the parental home in thousands for their *Wanderjahr*—which may last a few days, or a few weeks, according to circumstances. But no sooner have the last of these transparent little "dots" left the shelter of the protecting shell, than the "mother," with surprising suddenness, turns male.

Of "courtship," and marriage and parenthood, these creatures know nothing. Behind these three



STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF OYSTERS: (1) OYSTER "SPAT" JUST DEPOSITED ON A SHELL; (2) OYSTER "SPAT" ABOUT ONE MONTH OLD; (3) OYSTERS ONE YEAR OLD.

These photographs show stages in the development of young oysters from the "spat." As growth proceeds, they compete with one another for space, and finally only the one in the best position survives.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

episodes there is a deep meaning. But that belongs to the story of "The Courtship of Animals," which I have discussed elsewhere, and hope to discuss here at some future time.

Of the million young oysters which sally forth from the parental shell every year for some four or five years, not more than one will survive to maturity! Vast numbers, at the end of their free-swimming stage, fall upon unsuitable ground and perish. Young fish and shrimps devour enormous numbers before they have attained to the "settling-down" stage; while the young "spat," as the early sedentary stage is called, is destroyed wholesale by enemies and adverse factors of all kinds.

It is the business of the oyster-farmer to reduce these "chances of death"—in order that he may "save them for the hangman"!



# THE IRISH ARMY HONOURS THE FREE STATE'S "MASTER BUILDER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND TOPICAL.



READY FOR THE GREAT PARADE OF FIVE THOUSAND MEN OF THE IRISH FREE STATE ARMY IN DUBLIN ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF MICHAEL COLLINS, ITS FORMER CHIEF: FOUR OF THE MILITARY AEROPLANES PREPARED TO TAKE PART IN THE CEREMONY



HONOURING "THE ARCHITECT AND THE MASTER BUILDER" OF THE IRISH FREE STATE: ARTILLERY PASSING THE GRIFFITH-COLLINS CENOTAPH.



WITH THE COLOURS (LEFT FOREGROUND) BLESSED BY A PRIEST BEFORE THE MARCH: IRISH FREE STATE TROOPS PASSING THROUGH O'CONNELL STREET.



THE BLESSING OF THE COLOURS (MOUNTED ON A CROPPY PIKE): FATHER RYAN, CHAPLAIN, PERFORMING THE CEREMONY IN PHOENIX PARK.



JUST AFTER THE BLESSING: THE COLOURS BEING HANDED BY PRESIDENT COSGRAVE TO GENERAL MACMAHON, CHIEF OF STAFF (KNEELING).

On August 22, the first anniversary of the death of Michael Collins, a great military parade was held in Dublin in honour of the occasion. About 5000 men of the Irish Free State Army paraded in Phoenix Park, where the colours were blessed by the chaplain, Father Ryan, and handed to President Cosgrave, who, in turn, presented them to General MacMahon, the Chief of Staff. They were then given into the charge of a colour-escort. Immediately after the presentation of colours, a gun was fired, and the troops began their march through the city. In spite of heavy

rain, the spectacle was very impressive. On their way they passed the temporary Cenotaph, a large Celtic cross, in memory of Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, unveiled by President Cosgrave on the 13th (as illustrated in our issue of the 18th). Speaking then, the President called it "a symbol of Ireland's reverence and sorrow," and said: "The Irish people calls to mind, and will call again to mind, in the years to come, as long as Ireland is Ireland, the wisdom and courage of these two men, Griffith and Collins, the architect and the master builder."



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AT a moment when the light biographical sketch attracts quite as many readers as the formal biography, it is rather surprising that no writer of these *jeux d'esprit* has been tempted to imitate Plutarch, and give us a volume of "Parallel Lives." So much entertainment and instruction has resulted from recent literary treatment of great persons taken "alone and entirely by themselves," as the Irishman said, that one dare not say the vein is wearing thin, but it would lend piquant variety to the fashionable trick, if some Strachey, Raymond, Guedalla, or even the Artist with the Duster would now offer up his victims in pairs on the Plutarchian plan.

He might, if he chose, contrast and compare an Ancient with a Modern—something of the kind was foreshadowed some years ago when a living statesman was represented as the Cleon of recent times—but the public memory of the old world has grown a little too hazy for that sort of comparison to make the widest appeal. The worldly-wise author will stick to familiar examples on both counts, and will not go beyond persons known to the man-in-the-street, if he aims at the largest popular success. Handled with wit, knowledge and judgment, such a book could hardly fail, and I hope the good man who takes this hint and brings it off will remember me in his orisons. I do not ask to share in his royalties.

The question arises, how far back might the writer go with safety to the human understanding? One kind of prudence would bid him avoid classical antiquity altogether, but he might build better by a courageously judicious neglect of that advice. Given the right manner and the right knowledge, he might score powerfully, and at the same time he would do something to restore credit to subjects that have been rather at a discount of late years. Signs of reaction are visible, and the sort of book I have in mind would help on the good work, if only by showing fierce moderns that they have no monopoly in modernity, and that even Agamemnon had fore-runners in his own "sma' peculiar."

That is a wide indication of the question. To come down to details. The foregoing shameless glimpse into the obvious was suggested by a curious parallelism in two recent biographies, especially in their earlier portions. The parallel is more accidental than essential, although it can be traced in essentials also. Both books are "Lives of Eminent Commanders," written in a freer and more flowing style than those by our old friend Cornelius Nepos, whom we did not appreciate, I fear, at his full worth when he was first put into our hands, and when he occasionally caused those hands to be held out under discipline. The volumes in question are the "LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN MOORE," by Beatrice Brownrigg (Blackwell; 6s.), and "THE LIFE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR J. M. GRIERSON," by D. S. Macdiarmid (Constable; 18s.), most attractive reading taken separately and of a heightened attraction when they are read together.

Moore and Grierson were Glasgow boys. Moore was the son of a physician, and on the mother's side also he came of learned professional stock. Grierson's father was a Glasgow merchant, and "his more immediate forebears were men of the Church and of Commerce with neither Medicine nor the Law forgotten." His heredity had little to suggest the soldier. His paternal grandfather was of the Church, and so was Moore's, but Moore could point to a great-grandfather who had served as an officer in the wars of William III. Inheritance or none, however, both boys were born soldiers, never from their earliest years in doubt as to their future profession.

Moore's bent declared itself before he was twelve.

As a mere infant Grierson said, "I'm going to be a hody boy," and, adds his biographer, "the passion for the 'hody boy' remained paramount throughout his life."

Both Moore and Grierson received their early education in Glasgow, the former at the High School, the latter at the Academy. Dr. Moore, seeing how things were shaping, took means to have John specially taught mathematics and engineering, and encouraged him to study also history, poetry, and literature. "He constantly," says Lady Brownrigg, "instilled into his son those principles of thought and conduct which helped him to form that nobility of character which was conspicuous all his life." Such training for the Army was not usual in the

admirable sort. Of priggishness Grierson had not a trace.

Eighteenth-century formality has something to do with our slight distaste of the sixteen-year-old Moore's attitude when, on joining the 51st, he writes to his mother: "As to officers, I never knew such a number of fine gentlemanly lads. General Murray told me he did not believe there was such a set of officers in the Army; there is no such thing as either drinking or gambling going on." But then, he was old for his years, already versed in careful thought and phrasing. He had travelled on the Continent with his father and the young Duke of Hamilton, and had given the Margravine of Bareith a taste of his diplomatic quality—

"You were at Strasburg," she said. "Did you see Marshal Contades?" "Yes," said the boy, "I had the honour to dine with him." "And what did you say to him?" "I did not say a word to him of the Battle of Minden, nor of the Prince of Brunswick."

On that tour Moore studied German assiduously, and saw the Prussian Army on parade. His father remarked that, if Jack had hesitated about being a soldier, this glorious scene would have confirmed him.

Moore's German schooling has a parallel a century later in Grierson, who went abroad when he was eleven, not actually in the flesh, then, but in the spirit, following the German Armies of 1870 "with breathless interest" in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*. Bound volumes of this journal, describing the Franco-German and the Austro-Prussian Wars, were found among the General's books after his death. From the first he had set himself to learn things a soldier must know, and to discipline mind and body. When he was sixteen he made the personal acquaintance of Germany and the Germans, and took up in earnest that study of the language, the people and the political and military system, which became an integral part of himself. It was a perverse fate that cut down James Moncrieff Grierson in August 1914, at the very moment when his unrivalled knowledge was about to be applied to the sole purpose for which he had acquired it by the discipline of a lifetime. He was less fortunate than Moore, who, although he also died early in a great struggle, at least died fighting and victorious.

Both Generals were of serious soldiers most serious, but Grierson carried his earnestness with the lighter hand of the present day. He went singing through life, literally as well as figuratively. Hardly had he joined the R.F.A. when we find him, on a heavy route march, getting the men "to sing together, led by McCarthy's concertina." Moore was not overblessed with a sense of humour, but he managed to be great without it. Grierson's greatness, in the highest sense, remains a problem, for his real chance never came, but some believed that he, too, would have proved himself a soldier of consummate genius. "He had left his mark on the Army," says Lord Haig in a "Foreword," and "his name is not likely to be forgotten by those who study the military history of Great Britain."

These two biographies, with their striking similarities and contrasts, make delightful reading. They illustrate two widely different epochs of soldiering, but the spirit animating them is the same, and that "... rare combination of practical ability, profound theory and high character," which Earl Haig recognises in Grierson, is the outstanding feature in the lives of both Commanders. These are books that will be enjoyed alike by soldiers and civilians.



AN IMPORTANT PICTURE FROM THE GLENCONNER COLLECTION RECENTLY SOLD: "DIANA VISCOUNTESS CROSBIE," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Two fine examples of the art of Sir Joshua Reynolds (reproduced above and on the opposite page) have been bought by Messrs. Duveen Brothers from the Glenconner collection, formed by the late Sir Charles Tennant. The price was not stated, but was doubtless very large. Sir Joshua himself received only 75 guineas for the portrait of Viscountess Crosbie (afterwards Countess of Glandore), painted in 1777, when she was known as Miss Sackville, shortly before her marriage to John Viscount Crosbie. She was a daughter of the first Viscount Sackville.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Duveen Brothers, Ltd.

middle eighteenth century, and it produced an unusual officer. It might easily have produced a prig, and there was a remote loftiness about Moore that might have been called priggishness had he not known how to qualify it by sweetness of disposition and manner. A recent writer in the *Times* has defined and defended "The Admirable Prig," and has given the old ungracious word a happier turn. "It has been used," he says, "so often of men whose only fault was that they were giants among pygmies, or unfortunate in a company of the fortunate, that a stigma attaches to the employment of it. . . . we are not careful to distinguish between men who are prigs without prefix and men who are admirable prigs." If John Moore was a prig, he was of the



## DESTINED FOR AMERICA?—A FAMOUS REYNOLDS PORTRAIT-GROUP SOLD.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. DUVEEN BROTHERS, LTD.



SOLD FROM THE GLENCONNER COLLECTION: "THE FORTUNE-TELLER," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, A PORTRAIT-GROUP OF THE THIRD DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S CHILDREN.

Great interest was aroused in the art world by the news that the two pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds reproduced on this and the opposite page had been bought by Messrs. Duveen from the Glenconner collection, which was formed by the late Sir Charles Tennant. Hopes were expressed that, if these pictures are destined to go to America, they would first be exhibited in London by their new owners. "The Fortune-Teller" is a charming portrait-group of the third Duke of Marlborough's children, Lady Charlotte Spencer and Lord Henry Spencer, in which the little girl is telling her brother's fortune from his palm. Lady Charlotte

was born in 1769, and in 1797 was married to the Rev. Dr. Nares, an Oxford professor. Lord Henry was born in 1770, and died in 1795. Both children also figure in a large family group at Blenheim, painted by Sir Joshua. An engraving of the above picture was made by John Jones in 1791. The original was shown in 1884 at the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, to which it was lent by the then Duke of Marlborough. Later, it passed from Blenheim into Sir Charles Tennant's possession, and was exhibited by him at the Old Masters in 1891. The price given for it by Messrs. Duveen was not stated.



# TESTING FOR HIGH ALTITUDES: AN AIRMAN EXAMINED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERSCHEL.



THE FAMOUS FRENCH AIRMAN WHO RECENTLY BROKE THE HEIGHT RECORD SUBJECTED TO A BREATHING TEST UNDER HIGH-ALTITUDE CONDITIONS: M. SADI LECOQ USING THE NEW APPARATUS INVENTED BY DR. GARSAX (SEEN ON THE RIGHT).



CLAD IN FUR FOR A LOW TEMPERATURE TEST: RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE BEING SHUT IN THE CYLINDER.



WEARING HIS SPECIAL APPARATUS FOR BREATHING COMPRESSED OXYGEN: M. SADI LECOQ IN HIS AEROPLANE BEFORE STARTING FOR A FLIGHT TO BEAT THE ALTITUDE RECORD

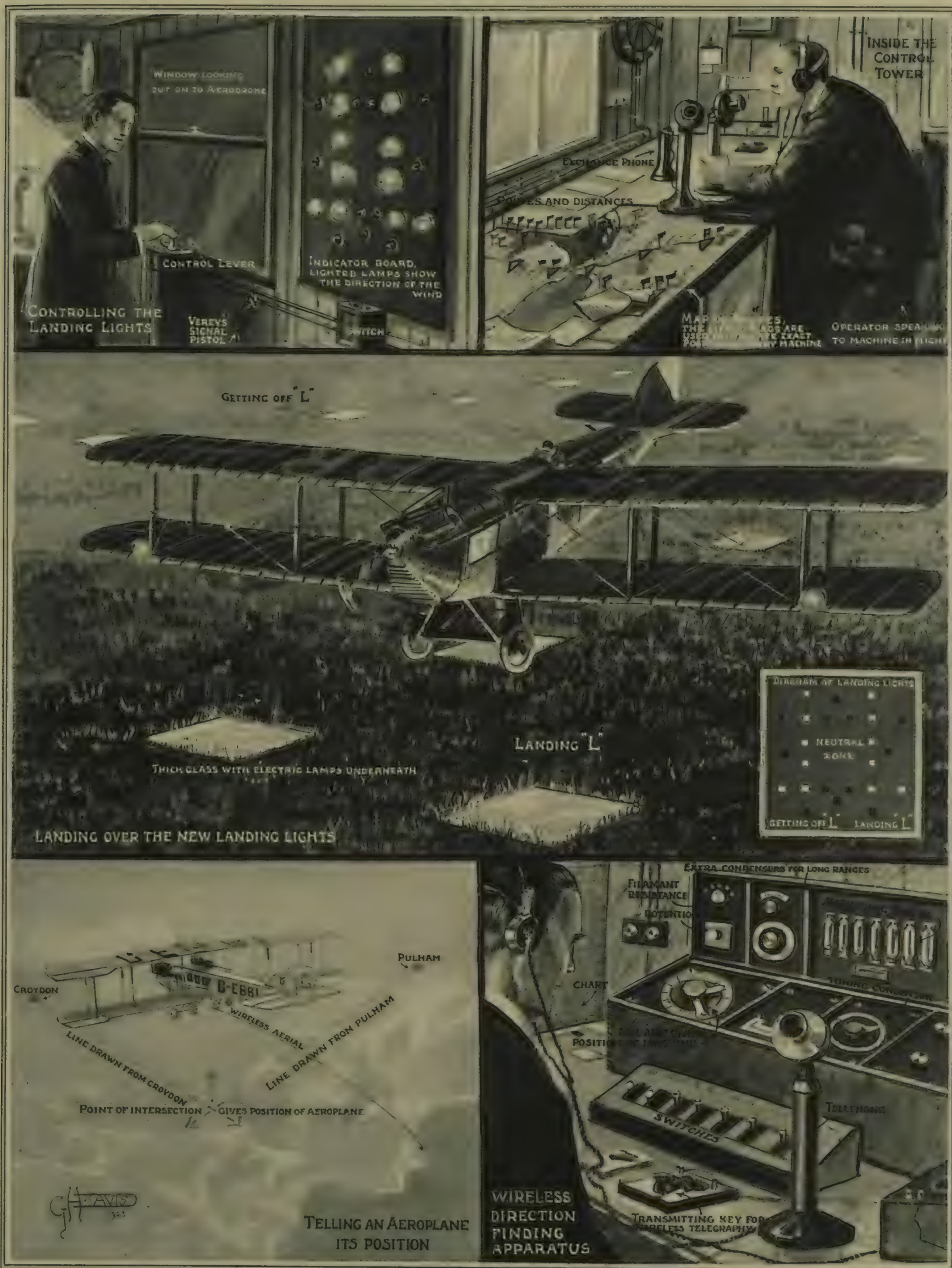
These photographs illustrate a new apparatus, invented by Dr. Garsaux, and installed by him at the Bourget Aerodrome, near Paris, for the purpose of testing the effect upon pilots of the high atmosphere, and their capacity for withstanding the conditions. The pilot seen under examination is the famous French airman, M. Sadi Lecoq, who recently rose to 35,640 ft., thus breaking his own world's record of 35,116 ft. established by him on August 1. Describing the testing apparatus, M. Lecoq writes: "It consists of a steel-plated cylinder 5 metres (about 16 ft.) long and 3 metres (about 10 ft.) in diameter. The cylinder is closed at one end by a fixed plate and at the other by a movable one which serves as an entrance door. Air tubes communicate with the interior during

experiments. . . . In an adjoining chamber are a motor, air-pump, and condenser. They can be worked either from outside or within. In this cylinder, under the vigilant eye of Dr. Garsaux, I tested my physiological resistance, and it was proved that I could safely withstand an (atmospheric) depression of less than 150, which corresponds to an altitude of 11,500 metres (about 37,000 ft.). With my aeroplane (he adds) it is possible for me to attain a height of at least 12,000 metres (nearly 39,000 ft.). I mean to try that later." In the top photograph M. Lecoq (on the left) is seen in the cylinder, with Dr. Garsaux, seated before a manipulator which calculates his reflexes. At the same time he is breathing air (pumped through pipes) equivalent to that at gradually increasing altitudes.



## THE AIR PROBLEM: TRAFFIC-CONTROL AT CROYDON; NEW LANDING LIGHTS.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS



## THE "BRAIN" OF THE CROYDON AERODROME: THE CONTROL-STATION AND ITS LATEST APPARATUS.

These drawings are of topical interest in view of the proposed scheme for a national air company with a capital of £1,000,000, as to which some controversy recently arose among the various enterprises concerned. Our artist here illustrates the work of the London Terminal Aerodrome at Waddon, near Croydon. The newly installed electric night-landing lights, which are sunk in the ground and covered with stout glass, are so arranged that the movement of a lever in the control-tower will alter the direction of the landing and getting off "L" according to the direction of the wind, so that incoming machines can land correctly into the wind. Inside the control-tower is an indicator board connected with the lights on the aerodrome, so that the officer on duty can see at a glance—by means of

small lamps on this board—that his direction is correct, and that all the lamps are working. Inside the control-tower an officer is constantly on duty, and the wireless telephone operator is constantly in touch with all the machines in flight, and with the main Continental aerodromes. Weather reports are circulated, and other useful information supplied to the pilots. A chart in this little box gives the traffic officers the position of every machine, and they are shown, by coloured flags (corresponding to the house colours of the air lines) pegged into the chart, the moment the operator is given position by each pilot. Each flag has the identification letters of each machine in use. (See further details on page 416.)—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



# WHERE THE PAINTER ASPIRES TO BE "HUNG" ON THE CLOTHES-LINE: A SALON OF THE STREETS IN PARIS.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



PAVEMENT ART LIFTED TO A HIGHER PLANE: AN OPEN-AIR PARIS "SALON" HELD OCCASIONALLY IN MONTMARTRE.

In London we have nothing that quite corresponds to the open-air "Salon" of Paris shown in our illustration. The nearest approach is the work of the pavement artist, which is not of a high order of merit and is, as a rule, merely a catch-penny device of professional beggars. Paris has lifted the art of the pavement to a higher plane. "The Salon of the streets," writes Mr. Spurrier in a note on his drawing, "is held on certain Saturdays and Sundays in the Place Constantin-Pecqueur in Montmartre; and is arranged under the auspices of the Mayor of the Commune of Montmartre. Pictures are hung on clothes-lines

between the trees. All sorts and conditions of men, women, and children congregate to see the show, which is sometimes amusing." Montmartre is evidently becoming the quarter for various occasions *en plein air*. In a recent number (that for August 18) we illustrated Parisian Society's new custom of dining there at little tables placed among the trees of unfrequented squares. Thither, on summer evenings, flocks a gay crowd of well-known Parisians and tourists, to dine outside cafés in the Place du Tertre or the Place du Calvaire.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



## IN QUEST OF SHARK-LIVER OIL: FISHING FOR MAN-EATERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "AUCKLAND WEEKLY NEWS" (NEW ZEALAND); SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH HIS LINE BAITED WITH A SCHNAPPER HEAD: A SHARK-FISHER STANDING READY IN HIS BOAT.



CASTING HIS LINE: A SHARK-FISHER IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS COMMENCING OPERATIONS.



A MEANS OF ATTRACTING LARGE SHARKS: SQUEEZING OIL FROM A SHARK'S LIVER INTO THE SEA.



HOOKED AND "LANDED": A SHARK OF MODERATE SIZE BEING HAULED INTO THE BOAT.



STUNNED AND SO RENDERED HARMLESS: A MONSTER SHARK BEING HAULED ABOARD.



AN UGLY CUSTOMER IN A SMALL BOAT IF IT HAD NOT BEEN STUNNED: "LANDING" A 10-FOOT SHARK.

"Shark-fishing," writes the correspondent who sends us these remarkable photographs, "is a profitable industry that provides exciting sport. It is carried out extensively during the summer months by the settlers at Matakana, North Auckland, New Zealand. The chief commercial product of the shark is an oil extracted from the liver. The carcasses are used for manure, and the fins are exported to China, where they are regarded as a high-class table delicacy." Perhaps the most striking thing about the business of shark-fishing, to the uninitiated eye, is the small size of the boats which look hardly big enough to accommodate some of the monsters caught. It might have been thought, too, that they would prove

very awkward customers at such close quarters, but it will be seen that they are rendered harmless, before being hauled aboard, by being stunned with a blow on the head from a heavy metal bar. Science tells us that there are about 150 different sorts of sharks, but in the popular mind they are lumped together and regarded as the tigers of the sea. Not all, however, are man-eaters. The basking shark of the North Atlantic, said to be sometimes over 30 ft. long, is harmless if not attacked. At one time, we read, it was hunted off the west coast of Ireland for the sake of the oil from the liver. Shark-skin is used, under the name of "shagreen," for smoothing or polishing wood. Sharks are very voracious,

[Continued opposite.]



# THE "TIGER OF THE SEA" AS QUARRY: FISHING FOR SHARKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "AUCKLAND WEEKLY NEWS" (NEW ZEALAND); SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



STANDING BY WITH THE "GAFF" (IN THIS CASE, A HEAVY BAR USED FOR STUNNING THE FISH BEFORE HAULING IT ABOARD) WHILE HIS COMPANION "PLAYS" A SHARK: AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE NEW ZEALAND SHARK FISHERIES.



CHIEFLY VALUABLE FOR THEIR LIVER-OIL, WHILE THE FINS ARE EXPORTED TO CHINA AS A TABLE DELICACY: A BIG CATCH OF SHARKS.



A VICTORY OF BRAIN OVER BRAWN: THE RELATIVE DIMENSIONS OF A MAN AND THREE CAPTURED SHARKS, THE LARGEST 10 FT. LONG.

*Continued.*

and will follow ships for many miles, devouring any refuse thrown overboard. One shark of the Australasian seas, that used to come out regularly to meet approaching liners, and would accompany them into port like a pilot, became well known to sailors. The voracity of the shark was strikingly illustrated in a set of photographs of tarpon-fishing in the Gulf of Mexico, published in our issue of July 17, 1920. Two of these photographs showed how a catch of tarpon (itself a very large fish) is occasionally complicated by the intervention of a shark, and, in one case, recorded the fate of the intervener. The sportsman described the incident as follows: "A hooked tarpon which had just jumped

near the canoe was rising beside us for another leap, when he was seized by a great shark and bitten in two. A blow from the tail of the monster nearly swamped the canoe." Another time, while the fisherman was playing an almost exhausted tarpon, the catch suddenly darted off and ran out 200 yards of line. It was impossible to restrain it, and the boatman surmised—as it proved, correctly—that a shark had swallowed the tarpon. "I paddled the canoe to the beach," writes the sportsman, "and after much toil we succeeded in stranding the brute with the tarpon in the stomach of his slayer." The above photographs indicate how plentiful sharks are in New Zealand waters.



# BRAVES, MOSQUITOES, HAIR-PARTERS—AND OTHER "SOCIETY" MATTERS.

"OLD INDIAN TRAILS": By WALTER McCLINTOCK, M.A.\*

"I HAD a dream. The Spirit of the Mountain came to me and gave me a Medicine Robe; and with it went supernatural power—power to heal the sick. This wonderful Robe had many skins of birds and wild animals attached. There were marks to represent the Sun and Morning Star, also the constellations of the Bunch Stars and the Seven Persons. I wore it in the ceremony of the Sun Dance, when I stood before the people; and it gave me power to doctor the sick." So spoke Brings-Down-the-Sun, child of Running Wolf and grandchild of Little Mountain. And as pendant is: "This Medicine Robe of Brings-Down-the-Sun is now in the Blackfoot Collection, American Museum of Natural History, New York City." Thus is marked the pathetic passing: "The old generation of Indians have died, and their children are civilised. The Blackfoot are no longer nomads and hunters, following the great herds of buffalo and other game; they till the soil and live in houses like white men." They are but a red metal in the melting-pot. No longer is there heed to the words—

Father, the Sun, I am praying for my people. May they be happy in the summer and live through the cold of winter.

Many are sick and hungry. Pity them and let them live.

May we go through this ceremony right. The way you taught our people to do in the days of long ago.

If we make mistakes, pity us.

Mother Earth, pity us, help us; may the grass and berries grow.

Morning Star, shine into our lodge and give us long life.

Father, the Sun, bless our children, relations and visitors.

May our trails lie straight through a happy life; may we live to be old.

We are all your children and ask these things with good hearts.

Gone are the simplicities and the complexities, the abandon and the dignity, of the primitive and patriarchal; the care for horses and cattle; the hunting and the fighting; the glow of the fire through the tepees; the sacred Bundles; the significant dances and posturings and miming of the wild; the paint and the feathers and the pipe; the glowing legend; the ceremonies that were

at once a living heraldry and a pictured history. "The dogs have scattered, having had their meal—the story is finished." The tribes of the Stone Age of thought are American citizens, children of the Great Father, the President of the United States. Well it is that Mad Wolf has ridden the trail to the Sacred Hills and its ghosts, and is safe within the circle of its quicksands.

Well it is, too, that Mr. McClintock should have set down his knowledge, that there may be intimate and sympathetic record of the Redskin as he was before his complete domination by the White Man and his Agent. No one could be better fitted for the task. Some seven-and-twenty years ago he crossed the mountains to the tribal camp of the Blackfoot, and he had fifteen years or so of close contact with them.

He was, in fact, one of them, for he was the adopted son of Mad Wolf and Gives-to-the-Sun, and brother of Strikes-on-Both-Sides: so he was made with burning of sweet grass, and purification, prayers and paintings, chants and the passing of the redstone pipe, rattlings and songs, and a feast of service-berries and tongue. And, later, the sacred Beaver Bundle was opened, and, with dancing and singing and the burning of smudge sticks, with the ceremonial imitation of beaver and

buffalo, raven and antelope and weasel, he was given the name "A-pe-sch-e-ken"—White-Weasel-Moccasin, because his colour was light and his eyes were blue. And he was painted and made a member of the tribe. "He placed the red earth on my forehead, chin, and hands, because these are the places the beaver rubs himself with his paws."

After that he saw much and learnt more, becoming familiar with the ways of the Red Indian and the workings of his mind; beliefs and ceremonies; birth and youth, marriage, old age, and death; war-stories, folk-lore, and the love of the chase; legend and history; the Blackfoot, the Blood, the North Piegiens; Little Plume and Little Dog, Curly Bear, Running Crane, Shoots-in-the-Air, White Grass, Double Runner, Brings-Down-the-Sun, Iron Shirt, Turns-Back-the-Herd-Alone, Double-Gun-Woman, Whistling-All-Night, Elk Horn, the Herald, and many another; the great Sun-Dance camp; and, perhaps most interesting of all, the Men's Societies—the Braves, the Mosquitoes, the Kit Foxes, and the Hair-Parters.

Brings-Down-the-Sun told of the Braves: "It was started long ago by an Indian. He had a strong dream

An Indian, much bitten by mosquitoes, lost all feeling, but heard a chant—

Mosquitoes, mosquitoes, get together, get together. Mosquitoes get together, Our friend is nearly dead.

Thus inspired, he started the Society of Mosquitoes—presumably, one of the help-yourself and help-the-fellow-member fraternity. "Its members wore buffalo robes with the hair side out. Some painted themselves red, and others yellow, with stripes across nose and eyes. They wore plumes in their hair, and eagle claws attached to their wrists to represent the bills of mosquitoes . . . they scattered and went through the camp. Any person they met they scratched with their eagle claws, and said, 'Now I shall take blood from you.'

"Anyone who resisted or tried to run away they caught and scratched hard. But those who offered themselves freely, and invited them to take their fill, they did not hurt. Because, if a mosquito is left alone, its bite does no harm."

As to the Kit Foxes, the oldest society of all, its members might not kill foxes—that would have

meant bad luck; for the rest, they had great power, about which it was dangerous to talk. The leader held a fox-skin for medicine, and before he died he handed secrets and skin to his son; and so on through the generations.

For four days before one of their ceremonies the members were painting themselves and dressing and making ready generally.

"On the fifth day, they came out. The leader wore the fox-skin, and had his body painted red and his face green, to bring fear. He carried a bow and arrows, but the rest had lances.

"When the Kit Foxes marched through the camp, they formed in the shape of a fox-head. The chief went first to represent the nose; behind him were the second and third man for the eyes; then came the other members in a group, all together representing the head of a fox." They danced much, and, curiously enough, when any were withdrawing

from the society—giving their lances to new candidates—the wives of the members were present.

As for the Hair-Parters, or Grass Dancers, they were young men bound together to hold meetings during the winter months and give a public ceremony at the time of the Sun-Dance. "Anyone who had a suitable dance outfit could take part. They had four unmarried women as members, who rode around the camp with them at night and helped them in their singing." In their dances there were war-whoops and much drumming, and there were special figures for special cases—for those who had escaped after having been surrounded in battle, for those who had never turned from a fight, for the generous, and for those who had been wounded in battle. In the last, "Wolf Eagle, a warrior with only one arm, danced with spirit and abandon, carrying in his single hand the decorated bone of his missing arm. . . . Some of the dancers had distinguishing marks . . . one warrior wore leggings with eight parallel black lines, to show the number of men he had killed in battle. Another had a war shirt covered with marks, representing picket-stakes with short ropes attached, to show the number of horses he had captured from enemies, cutting them loose at the risk of his life."

That should be enough to show that, in "Old Indian Trails," Mr. Walter McClintock has written a book which will be a delight to everyone who has been a Redskin. He has also made a very notable, an invaluable, addition to the records of ethnography.

E. H. G.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH: A BISON STAMPEDE, IN YELLOWSTONE PARK, U.S.A.

This is one of the photographs submitted in a recent competitive exhibition of wild-animal photography, held by the American Museum of Natural History, New York. We reproduce it by courtesy of that exhibition and of "Country Life" of America.

Copyright by J. E. Haynes, St. Paul, Minnesota.

in which he saw a band of dogs and the way they acted. The Braves ruled the camp and helped our Chiefs to keep order. We punished men and women who quarrelled; we sometimes killed people who disobeyed our orders.

"When it was time for our tribe to move camp, we marched with the beating of drums and singing, each member carrying a knife and a bow and quiver full of arrows. We went to the centre of camp and spent the night curled up on the ground like dogs. The day our tribe moved, we stayed behind and acted like dogs, eating all the food that was left; like dogs we followed slowly and entered camp after all the lodges were pitched.

"We placed our big lodge in the centre of camp, taking possession early on the morning we danced. . . . We marched through camp singing our song and shouted our orders to the people. It was our custom to take everything we wanted, even food from the kettle, as dogs do. . . . If our leader told us to allow no one to chase buffalo, we were the watchmen of the herds. . . . We also punished women who picked berries against our orders by tearing their lodges to pieces.

"Men who joined the Society of Braves had to face danger whenever it came; they could not turn away." Guards—and a police!

The Mosquitoes were more ornamental than useful, and some, wickedly, may see in them the image of the tax-collector of all times!

\* "Old Indian Trails." By Walter McClintock, M.A. With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. (Constable and Co.; 21s. net.)



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., TOPICAL, AND BIONDO (ANTIFES)



OF PECULIAR "LOOP-HOLED" DESIGN, AND TO CONTAIN AN EVER-BURNING LIGHT AT THE TOP: A MEMORIAL AT LOUVAIN TO CITIZENS SHOT BY THE GERMANS.



REPORTED TO BE A STATUE OF EARL HAIG PRESENTED BY A BOMBAY PARSEE: A "MYSTERY" MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH CASTLE, WHOSE UNVEILING HAS BEEN POSTPONED.



OF INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT CONGESTION IN LONDON STREETS: A NEW TRAFFIC-CONTROL SIGNAL OPERATED BY A POLICEMAN ON POINT DUTY IN PARIS.

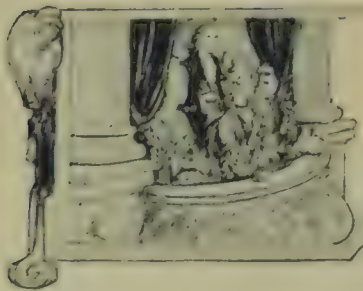
The first of the above photographs shows a monument, of original design, being erected at Louvain, in Belgium, to the memory of the inhabitants who were massacred by the Germans when they sacked the town in August 1914, and burnt the University with its famous library. A lantern is to be kept perpetually burning at the top of the column. — In the adjoining illustration is seen an equestrian statue which has for some time awaited unveiling on the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle. It is a gift to the city from a Parsee of Bombay, and is believed to represent Earl Haig, but is something of a mystery. — The traffic-control signal



A DISASTER IN WHICH 6 WERE KILLED: A MOTOR-COACH IN A RAVINE, AND THE POINT (x) WHERE IT LEFT THE ROAD BETWEEN NICE AND GRENOBLE.

shown in the third photograph is being tried in Paris at the junction of the Grands Boulevards and the Boulevard de Strasbourg. It is operated by the policeman on the spot, and a gong attracts the attention of approaching drivers. The signal, which is like a lamp, attached to an electric standard, is seen bearing the word "Halt." — The last photograph was taken after a terrible motor-coach disaster recently on the road between Nice and Grenoble. The vehicle left the road at the point marked with a cross, and fell into the bed of the River Var. Six passengers were killed and thirteen seriously injured.





# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## FRIENDSHIP AND CRITICISM.

It cropped up like this. Three critics, one of music, the others of the drama, were the guests of a provincial city, to judge an event of importance—a new opera by a local composer and a literary man,

Dramatic Critic No. 2 chimed in with an anecdote and an experience. The anecdote was in defence of the critic's methods of to-day as compared with the past. A famous musical critic of the Victorian Era

wrote once to a great singer of his time with whom he was on friendly terms, that the snuff-box that the tenor had sent him was rather nice, but a very paltry present (or something to that effect). There lies a world between the lines. The "experience" sheds the right light on the position of the critic, said No. 2, narrating: "One evening, years ago, discussing justice with the then Chief Magistrate, after a dinner-party, I said: 'You are a good friend to me, Sir—now, what would happen if I came before you some morning at Bow Street "drunk and disorderly"?' And he replied: 'Having regard to your social position it would be my privilege to give you a month without the option of a fine. On the Bench I know neither friend nor foe, although in some cases, when I learn of the culprit's hitherto blameless

of flattery on the part of wily actors and pretty actresses—or by the unpleasant experience of coolness when we meet artists with whom we have found fault. These are individual and temperamental questions. But one thing is certain, you cannot solve them by aloofness. For, as Clement Scott used to say, the critic's lot is full of surprises, pleasant and unpleasant; sometimes when I come home I find a letter of abuse and sometimes a basket of blush-roses. We should not be affected by either. But I am a strong believer in the Chief Magistrate's one month and the prerogative of mercy—according to circumstances—that is the question.

Spending happy days in Guernsey, the pearl of the Channel Islands, resting and recuperating at that unusual type of hostelry, a really delightful "home-from-home" hotel, whose host is well known in London, I am devoting certain of my evenings as the busman does. I go, at the invitation of Mr. J. Kerr, to the little St. Julian Theatre (I wish we had one like it in London), and I am never sorry for my energy. My friends laugh at me. "Fancy a man who spends two hundred evenings a year at the theatre in London, and cannot leave it alone when he is on holidays!" I listen and let them laugh. In the first place, I love the theatre wherever I can find it, and I always feel that one must never neglect a sweetheart—"out of sight" is a bad principle. It keeps me in trim; in frequenting the play during leisure time, I avoid coming back to town with that "Monday-ish" feeling, best compared to an engine on the dead point. But that is not the principal reason of my pilgrimage. Whenever I have been away from London and inspected touring companies, I, in the wake of the late Mr. Diogenes with his lantern, have

sought, and what is more, have found some talent hidden under the provincial bushel, and used my best endeavours to pave its entrance into the golden gates of London. At the St. Julian Theatre, Guernsey, I have seen "Tino," "Mary"—both well-known London successes—and the never-fading "Lady of the Rose." In all of them I have found voices that would make some leading ladies of London fame "sit up"; I have encountered a comedian or two who, with a little filing by a producer, would easily make a name for themselves in the great city; last, but not least, I have seen a dancer than whom, except our famous exponents, Dorma Leigh and Phyllis Bedells, there is none more graceful and temperamental on our stage. How is it that she, who is a Londoner, and whose name I remember in connection with the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, is not in her right place? I might answer, because managers and critics do not practise 'busmen's holidays. Maybe this article comes under the notice of a prominent London impresario—if it does, and he believes in my opinion, let him say the word, and I will give him the name of my choreographic star. If I withhold it now, it is because I am afraid of offending the singers and comedians referred to, whose talent is less exceptional.



"THE LIKES OF HER," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: ALFRED (MR. LESLIE BANKS, THIRD FROM LEFT) WARNS A DEMOBILISED COMRADE NOT TO GIVE AWAY GEORGE'S SECRET.

The scene of Mr. Charles McEvoy's play is laid in Stepney. George is a soldier so badly disfigured in the war that he thinks it right not to return to his sweetheart Sally. Alfred is the friend who keeps his secret. From left to right the photograph shows: Miss Olga Lindo as Mrs. Kemp; Miss Ada King as Mrs. Pool; Mr. Leslie Banks as Alfred Cope; Mr. Ian Hunter as Jim Sears; and Mr. Gilbert Ritchie as Mr. Bray. [Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

well known in town. Some stars had been engaged to appear, and the critics and the criticised stayed harmoniously, if apart, in the same hotel. The day after the performance, at the pleasant hour betwixt tea and dinner, the trio foregathered in the lounge. The work was done: judgment had been delivered; "copy" dispatched to London. They were discussing their verdicts, and in the course of conversation one of the dramatic critics let fall: "I am glad that I could praise the work of my friend the librettist, and I told him so this afternoon on the links." "Your friend!" said the musical critic; "do you mean to say that you cultivate the friendship of people whom you are called upon to criticise? That is exactly what I avoid; here I am, the musical critic of one of the leading papers, and I can honestly say that I hardly know any of our composers, and even fewer of the artists. I live a little out of London, and when I have written my criticisms I hurry home, and I stay there if duties do not call me to town. I don't go to banquets, receptions, suppers, because I look upon them as waste of time, and because I do not want to be introduced, if I can help it, to my future victims."

"And you think," said Dramatic Critic No. 1, "that that makes you fire—I should rather say—favour proof? But what about the few you do know—don't you think that, willy-nilly, you might feel a tender spot for them—tenderer than for those you don't know? After all, we are but human, and, however just we may be when holding the scales, it is obvious that we might let them lean a little in the direction of our sympathies. I frankly plead guilty to 'unconscious leniency.' I cannot define it—but it is there, and not with me only. Now, I am one of the few who read their colleagues, although in our fraternity, which is singularly bereft of *esprit de corps*, it is an accepted pose to affect complete ignorance of our mutual work, except in the case of one or two, who, by their paper, even more than their name, stand out in prominence. And what do I find? Whenever, to my knowledge, the critic knows the author or the interpreter—as we first-nighters can check by observing exchange of greetings—there is a kind of veneer in censure and 'lay-it-on-thick' in praise. We may chaff, we may chide, but there is in the judgment an absence of the acerbity (or austerity, if you prefer the nobler word) which falls to the lot of the unknown quantity. And, by the way, I, in contrast to our musical friend, make it a point to know as many authors and actors as I can; it leads to penetration—to better understanding. I side with Théophile Gautier when he said that an hour's talk with an artist was worth ten with his work."



"ENTER KIKI," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS GLADYS COOPER AS KIKI, AND MR. IVOR NOVELLO AS VICTOR LEROUX.

The piece is adapted from the French, and a blend of farce and pathos. Kiki is a chorus girl who loves the manager of the theatre, Victor Leroux, and resorts to various wild devices to win him when his divorced wife returns. [Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

record, I may exercise the prerogative of mercy."

I agree with the Musical Critic that it might be better not to come in close contact with our "victims"; but unless we wished to lead the life of a recluse, or be dubbed a high-brow pedant, it is sheer impossibility as London social life is constituted. (And did not even our musical Aristides know a few composers and singers?) Again, I agree with Critic No. 1 that personal acquaintance leads to better valuation of any artist; and I, for one, see no harm in accentuating the praise bestowed on an artist whom I know not merely by his work, but by his artistic conscience, provided I have the courage to be as discreet in censure, when my judgment dictates it, as to the stranger. A French critic, who criticised his *chère amie*, is the man for me. What we critics have to avoid is being influenced by the blandishments



"THE LIKES OF HER," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: FLORRIE (MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY), RECEIVES GOOD ADVICE FROM THE COFFEE-HOUSE KEEPER (MR. BEN FIELD). Florrie is a young girl of evil propensities—a cheat and a liar—whom the heroine, Sally, befriends and tries to reform. She is the means of bringing out the nobility of Sally's character, especially in a big scene in the last act. [Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



# THE BRIGHT SIDE OF ELLIS ISLAND: NEW YORK'S IMMIGRANTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



IMMIGRANTS OF WELCOME TYPE: DEMOBILISED ITALIAN SOLDIERS, WHO LIVED IN AMERICA BEFORE THE WAR, RETURNING IN THE "TAORMINA."



NEW YORK'S FAMOUS IMMIGRATION STATION, MUCH DISCUSSED SINCE THE GEDDES REPORT: ELLIS ISLAND, SEEN FROM AN APPROACHING SHIP.



A NEW METHOD OF THE "AMERICANISATION" OF FUTURE CITIZENS: A SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT ON ELLIS ISLAND.



HOSPITAL ARRANGEMENTS ON ELLIS ISLAND, PRAISED BY SIR AUCLAND GEDDES: AN IMMIGRANT TAKEN ILL BEING CONVEYED TO HOSPITAL.



POURING IN AT THE RATE OF 16,000 A WEEK: ACCEPTED IMMIGRANTS LEAVING ELLIS ISLAND—GOING ABOARD A STEAMER FOR NEW YORK.



PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION OF TYPHUS OR OTHER EPIDEMICS: IMMIGRANTS AT THE BATTERY ESCORTED FOR MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

In his recently published report on the conditions at Ellis Island, the New York Immigration Station, Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador to the United States, while criticising some aspects of the system, bestowed special praise on the catering, the hospital, and the work of the official staff. "All the arrangements for handling admitted immigrants," he writes, "are efficient and reflect high credit on those concerned. They are, in fact, a very good example of American business administration." Regarding the first of the above photographs, our informant says: "The men are part of 1850 steerage passengers to arrive in the S.S. 'Taormina' (of Genoa). They were recently discharged from the Italian Army, and

many of them had lived in America before entering the Army and fighting for the Allies. The Government stretched a point, and, in spite of a filled quota, they will be allowed to enter." The same correspondent says: "Sixteen thousand immigrants came in last week. At this rate 823,000 would come in a year. The problem of absorbing this vast number is agitating Congress." The last photograph is described thus: "Immigrants halted at the Battery and examined to prevent importation of typhus. Immigrants being escorted to the Thirty-Ninth Street Ferry Building by the Police from the Battery after being freed by Ellis Island. All immigrants are examined to see that they carry no diseases with them."





## SET A THIEF— V. THE PLUNDERING OF MR. POTTS.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

IF you have ever heard of Mr. Albert Mayo, the ex-convict revivalist preacher, you must have heard how much splendid work he has done in persuading criminals to give up crime, and helping and strengthening those who try to reform, but find the job a difficult one. But if you think that Mr. Mayo is wholly free from the commonplace temptations that sometimes assail you and me, you are mistaken.

His besetting sin is ambition; not for himself—no man has less personal vanity—but for the work he has chosen to do. Twice every Sunday he preaches to a congregation largely composed of ex-criminals, in the Eglinton Street Mission Hall, a converted moving-picture theatre, the rent of which he sometimes has difficulty in raising. He wants to see his work grow; but he is constantly hampered by lack of funds.

He was sitting one morning in his scantily furnished lodgings, pondering over his chapel's finances. The proprietors of the Mission Hall had offered to sell him the lease for a sum of five hundred pounds. It was a tantalising offer. If he could accept it he would be freed from much anxiety in the future and would be able to devote the money taken at the collections to the helping of other ex-criminals who were trying to make a new start in life. The Prisoners' Welfare Society had offered to pay one hundred pounds, if the rest of the money could be raised, on the reasonable condition that its secretary should be made one of the trustees of the Chapel fund. But there is a lot of difference between one hundred pounds and five hundred. Mayo heaved an anxious sigh and glanced at the obituary notices in his morning newspaper, half hoping to read of the death of one or other of the philanthropists who had promised to bequeath a legacy to his chapel.

He found no comfort in the newspapers. There was not so much as a hint even that any of his future benefactors was ill. For one minute, for which at the next moment he was heartily ashamed, he recalled occasions when he had obtained more than the sum needed by one well-planned burglary. He even thought of the names of half-a-dozen wealthy men—such as money-lenders and owners of slum property—whom it would be a real pleasure to rob.

The telephone bell interrupted his thoughts. Putting the receiver to his ear, he heard an agitated voice demanding Mr. Albert Mayo.

"That's me," he said.

"I'm told that you occasionally do private detective work?"

"Sometimes. I don't charge any fee; but if I'm successful—I reserve the right to chuck up a case at any time if I see fit—the people I work for are invited to give a donation to my mission."

"Well, look here," continued the agitated voice. "It's the secretary of St. Matthew's Hospital speaking. We're in a horrible mess. A sum of over a thousand pounds has mysteriously disappeared from our board-room, and no one has been in the room except myself and five members of the Hospital Committee. Of course, there can be no question of theft, so we can't put the matter in the hands of Scotland Yard. What we want is a tactful, wide-awake man with a detective's experience to tell us where on earth that money can have got to."

"Right!" said Mayo. "I'll come round straight away."

In the board-room of St. Matthew's Hospital, the revivalist found a white-lipped, worried-looking secretary, who introduced Mr. Potts and Mr. Burkenshaw—two stout, pompous-looking gentlemen of the City magnate type, who were glaring at each other with expressions of intense hostility and dislike;

Mr. Hollybone and Mr. Rycroft, of the same type as the above, but less pronounced, who merely appeared bewildered; and Mr. Benson, a young man in rough tweeds, who looked thoroughly disgusted with his company.

Mr. Burkenshaw, who occupied the chairman's seat at the end of the board-table, acknowledged Mayo's bow with a grunt, and pointed with his pen to a chair beside the secretary.

"We are in a difficulty," he said, as curtly as if he was speaking to an income-tax collector, "and you've got to get us out of it. You'll have to get a move on, too, as everything has got to be straightened out by three o'clock this afternoon. We have recently been raising money to endow a new ward of this hospital. By way of stimulating subscribers we announced that the new ward should be called after whoever subscribed the largest amount. The subscription list closes at three o'clock this afternoon precisely, when the Duchess of Talygarth will take the chair at a meeting of subscribers and the general public, and will announce the name of the subscriber after whom the new ward will be called. Are you listening?"

Mayo did not appear to be listening. His eyes were roaming all over the room, flitting from waste-paper basket to mantelpiece, from the fireplace to a large portrait of Mr. Burkenshaw himself that hung above it. At least half of his mind, too, was pre-occupied with thinking of the small sums that repentant sinners slipped anonymously into his collection-boxes compared with the large sums people were prepared to pay when a Duchess was going to read out the subscription list.

"It's plain enough," replied Mayo drily. "It's a sort of raffle, and the lucky winner gets all the advertisement, with a bit of jam from the Duchess thrown in."

Mr. Burkenshaw glared at the revivalist and gobbled like an angry turkey-cock. The secretary, always anxious to avoid friction, and more concerned with the finding of the missing money than with the chairman's feelings, hastily interposed.

"Perhaps I may be allowed to explain what actually happened, Mr. Chairman," he said. "At twelve o'clock to-day, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Potts came here by appointment with me, and together we finished compiling the list of subscriptions. The biggest subscription received by this morning's post was one for a thousand pounds from Mr. Burkenshaw."

"Then the new ward will be called after Mr. Burkenshaw, I suppose," commented Mayo.

"It will," said Mr. Burkenshaw.

"It will not," snapped Mr. Potts.

The two committee-men rose to their feet, and for a moment it seemed that their colleagues were to witness the painful sight of two fat, elderly merchants punching each other's heads.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Please let me continue," pleaded the secretary. "The Duchess is to take the chair punctually at three, and it is past one o'clock now. When we had finished the list, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Potts remarked that he had not yet paid his own subscription. He took one thousand and ten pounds in one-pound notes from his despatch-case and handed them to me."

"Then Mr. Potts wins by a short neck."

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Mr. Burkenshaw. "You wait till you hear all the story."

"I laid the notes on my desk," hurriedly continued the secretary, "and went into the room on the other side of the passage to get the receipt-book from my typist. As I was crossing the passage on my way back, I ran into the other gentlemen now present.

Mr. Burkenshaw took the receipt-book from me and asked me to go at once to the room where this afternoon's meeting is to be held, to make sure that the preparations were proceeding satisfactorily. While he was speaking to me, Mr. Potts came out of the board-room and volunteered to come with me. We were gone about five minutes. When we came back the notes had disappeared from the table. Of course, I blame myself—"

"Of course," interrupted Mayo. "But don't let us waste time over that. What were the other gentlemen doing when you came back to the board-room?"

"Mr. Burkenshaw was sitting at my desk looking through the receipt-book. The others were grouped round him. As soon as I missed the money, they all helped me to hunt for it. While we were searching, Mr. Potts demanded his receipt. Mr. Burkenshaw, as Chairman of the Committee, said that he was not to have it till the money was found. Thereupon a certain amount of—well, argument—arose, and the search was gradually abandoned. But, indeed, it didn't seem much use going on with it. After making sure that the notes had not dropped under the table, or into the waste-paper basket, there was nowhere else to look."

"Of course I demanded my receipt," said Mr. Potts. "I paid the money; and if the secretary was such a fool as to lose it, I don't see why I should suffer."

"And I say," said Mr. Burkenshaw emphatically, "that until I see the money I have no official knowledge that it was subscribed."

"And, of course, until you have that official knowledge, you claim that your sub. wins the sweep," commented Mayo. Suddenly he drew towards him a despatch-box that stood by Mr. Potts' elbow, and opened it. "Hulloa! There are some notes here! I suppose these can't be the ones? I shouldn't be surprised if they were. More than once when I have been called in in cases of apparent theft of jewellery I have found that the owner had put it carefully away and forgotten all about it." He counted the notes with fingers as deft and rapid as a bank clerk's. "No. There's only four hundred and ninety pounds here."

"Four hundred and ninety plus one thousand and ten makes fifteen hundred pounds," commented Mr. Burkenshaw. "Apparently, gentlemen, Mr. Potts was prepared to go up to that sum, if necessary, to beat the next biggest subscription. But I wonder, Mr. Potts, why you paid in notes instead of a cheque? It would have been just as easy to alter a cheque to a bigger amount as to dole out extra notes to beat my score."

Mr. Potts gurgled and blew his nose energetically—but offered no explanation.

"And now, Mr. Secretary," said Mayo, "take me into the room opposite and show me exactly where you stood when you were asking your typist for the receipt-book." The secretary led the way, Mayo and the committee-men following. "From here," said Mayo "you could see the passage and the right half of the board-room, including the board-table, but not including your desk or the fireplace side of the room. You left both doors open, I suppose—I thought so—and, of course, you could see anyone passing in the passage. You're sure, Mr. Potts, that no one came into the room during the moment that you were left alone?"

"I can't be positive—not exactly positive," replied Mr. Potts. "I stood on the hearthrug with my back to the room looking at the chairman's portrait over the mantelpiece—and I'm a bit deaf in my left ear."

"Now, gentlemen," continued Mayo, "we'll go



back to the board-room, and I want each of you to do exactly what he did on first coming into the room."

It is extraordinary what a distaste the average man has for anything in the nature of theatricals. Each committee-man went through his separate performance as woodenly and self-consciously as if a critical audience were looking at him, and him alone. Mr. Burkenshaw sat down at the secretary's table and picked up the receipt-book. Mr. Hollybone stood behind and looked over his shoulder. Mr. Rycroft walked first to the mantelpiece, struck a match from a box that stood on it and lighted a cigar, before joining the group. Mr. Benson—the only one who seemed to perform his part carefully—dressed himself for it by putting on his hat and gloves; then he took off his hat and laid it on the desk, took off his gloves and buttoned them together, then picked up his hat and hung it with the gloves on a hat-peg.

The revivalist watched him keenly till he had taken up his position behind the chairman. Then he sat silent for a while, apparently deep in thought.

"As that hat of yours is a soft felt, Mr. Benson," he said presently, "if you had chanced to put it down on the top of the notes, you could have picked up hat, notes, and all, without anyone noticing—couldn't you now?"

"I suppose I could," agreed Mr. Benson.

"But not without knowing it yourself?"

"Certainly not—without knowing it myself."

"This is preposterous," exclaimed Mr. Hollybone angrily. "Do you imagine, Mr. Mayo, that one of us actually stole the notes?"

The rest of the committee-men, with the sole exception of Mr. Potts, seemed to share Mr. Hollybone's indignation. Mr. Mayo looked from one to another with a quiet grin.

"You looked for the notes in your own way, gentlemen, and you couldn't find them," he said. "You must leave me to look for them in whatever way I think best—or let me say good-day to you. I notice that you gentlemen don't mind smoke in your board-room. Now, if one of you were to offer me a cigar, I might get on a bit faster. A man can think better when he is smoking."

"Try one of mine," said Mr. Benson.

Mayo selected a cigar, lighted it, and tossed the match, still alight, into the fireplace. No fire was burning, and the grate was filled with crinkled pink tissue paper. The edge of the paper caught alight and began to burn slowly, sending up a thin wreath of smoke. But the match set more than tissue paper aflame. To account for the disgraceful scene that it caused it must be realised, first, that to methodically minded men—such as men who sit on committees—should be—anything in the nature of carelessness or untidiness is abhorrent; and secondly that the mysterious disappearance of more than a thousand pounds' worth of notes had set everyone's nerves on edge.

On seeing the tissue paper burning, Mr. Potts sprang out of his chair and crushed out the tiny flame with his fingers.

"No need to burn the place down," he said irritably. "Can't you see that there's an ash-tray on the table?"

"I'm sorry," replied Mayo quietly. "I've no company manners, and that's a fact. At home the fireplace is good enough for anything that I've got no further use for."

"You're making a lot of fuss about nothing, Mr. Potts," said Mr. Burkenshaw. "As chairman of this committee I call upon you to apologise to Mr. Mayo."

Mr. Potts spluttered and gasped, and mentioned a place in which he would see Mr. Burkenshaw before he did anything of the sort. "You needn't come the heavy chairman over me," he said hotly. "You're sick because my subscription beats yours."

"Am I?" retorted Mr. Burkenshaw. "It'll be time enough for me to feel sick about your subscription when I've seen it. It's my belief that as soon as the secretary's back was turned you thought better of it, and stuffed the notes back into your pocket."

"And I'll tell you what I think," shouted Mr. Potts. "You've hidden those notes, Burkenshaw, and they won't be found until the ward has been christened after you."

At that Mr. Burkenshaw seized an inkpot, and would certainly have flung it at Mr. Potts's head if Mr. Benson had not grasped his arm and dragged him forcibly back into his seat. The two antagonists sat and glared at each other like two corpulent gladiators, and a heavy silence fell on the room.

The silence was broken by Mr. Benson. Suddenly and impulsively he rose from his chair and put on his hat.

"Mr. Chairman," he said. "I joined this committee because I am interested in hospital work. But I do not care a tinker's cuss whether the new ward advertises your philanthropy or the benevolence of Mr. Potts. I'm sick of the whole business. I must ask you to take my name off the subscription-list and to write down my donation as anonymous. I must also ask you to accept my resignation from the committee. And I'll say good-afternoon."

"One moment, Sir," said Mayo. "You've forgotten the small matter of the lost notes. Before you go I would like to search your pockets."

"By all means," said Mr. Benson haughtily, "if you really think it necessary."

But at this Mr. Rycroft protested.

"I never heard of such a thing!" he declared. "I'm not going to stand by and see Mr. Benson treated like a common pickpocket. And if you think I'm going to turn out my pockets like a schoolboy suspected of stealing apples, you are jolly well mistaken. I'm a partner of the firm of Westherby, Dalison and Rycroft—one of the most highly respected firms in the City. I'm a member of the Stock Exchange—and—and—a churchwarden. Look here, Mr. Mayo. We told the secretary to find us someone with a certain amount of tact. If this is what you call tact, I don't know what you would call clumsiness."

"Rot!" said Mr. Benson. "Of course I'll turn out my pockets."

He laid on the table a silk handkerchief, a cigar-case, and a note-case containing three pound notes and a newspaper-cutting containing the latest betting news. Mayo gathered them up and handed them back to him.

"Thank you, Sir, you're a gentleman. But I'd rather you didn't go just yet. I'd take it as a favour if you'd wait in the typist's room to hear the upshot of this business." He accompanied him to the door and added in a lower tone: "And I'd like you to consider that question of resigning. It seems to me that the more reason you have to be disgusted with your colleagues on this committee, the more need there is for a gentleman like you to sit on it."

Mr. Benson offered his hand.

"Thanks for your advice—and good opinion. I'll think it over," he said, and passed into the typist's room. Mayo returned to the board-room.

"Now, Mr. Rycroft," he said persuasively, "after what's happened, don't you think you had better let me run through your pockets? Otherwise these gentlemen might think you had good reason for refusing."

"No," said Mr. Potts. "I—I mean of course that you're quite right to refuse, Rycroft."

"You'd better let him," said Mr. Burkenshaw. "That'll clear you, anyway."

"In private then. And you can accept my resignation too," said Mr. Rycroft sulkily, leading the way into the passage. His pockets proved to contain nothing but his cigar-case and a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*. Mayo glanced at the illustrations of the journal, and handed it back with a curl on his lip.

"It seems that you were ashamed to let the other gentlemen see this," he said; "and if I were you, I'd take and burn it. I'd just like to say this, Mr. Rycroft. There was a Man once who, like you, was interested in what you might call hospital work. He cleansed the leper, restored sight to the blind, made the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak. He sat down to dinner with publicans and sinners; but as for hypocrites—He hadn't a good word for them!"

"You seem to be a bit of a preacher," sneered Rycroft.

"I am. And if you were to come to my chapel in Eglinton Street any Sunday, it would do you more good than harm. Most of those who come to hear me are poor ignorant chaps who haven't had much chance to run straight. I'm sorry for them. But when I see a man that ought to know better doing something he's ashamed of, it makes me sick."

The revivalist returned to the board-room.

"And what about you, Mr. Hollybone," he said.

"Ah. I see you have turned out your pockets already. Well now, if you'll pick up your belongings and step into the typist's room for a bit, you may be glad to hear whether we find the notes or not. And I'll be glad if you'll take the secretary with you. There is a chance, isn't there, that he carried the notes in there and planted them somewhere? If you'll keep your eye on him, in case I have to search that room, it will be as well."

When Mr. Hollybone and the secretary had left the room, Mayo turned to the chairman.

"I'd better just run through your pockets, Mr. Burkenshaw," he said, "just to make everything fair and square like. Though, as you sat down straight away when you came into the room, you hadn't much chance of making away with the rhino."

Mr. Potts laughed a nasty, mirthless laugh.

"Mr. Burkenshaw had most to gain by the disappearance of the notes," he said. "He was very keen to have the new ward named after him. Mark my words—the notes will stay hidden till the Duchess reads out the subscription list—with his name at the head of it."

Mr. Burkenshaw glared at his rival with silent contempt, submitted to be searched, and passed out into the typist's room. Mayo carefully closed the door behind him.

"Are you going to search me?" asked Mr. Potts, with a nervous giggle.

Mayo ignored the question.

"I thought I had better make some excuse to get the other gentlemen out of the room so as to have a private talk with you," he said quietly. "And it was a good idea of mine to make them turn out their pockets. If I had not, they would be asking themselves what you and I have to say to each other. As it is, I have put their backs up and given them something else to think of. This will be a very interesting case if it comes into court, Mr. Potts. But what beats me is whether they will call it theft or trying to obtain credit under false pretences."

Mr. Potts opened his mouth—and shut it again. The colour faded from his fat face, and left it a dull, ashen grey.

"Now let us reconstruct the case a bit, like they do sometimes in the French police courts. You put the notes on the table there, and came and stood on the hearthrug there. Then the secretary left the room for a moment. Now we'll put it, for argument's sake, that you've been thinking all along how nice it would be to get that new wing named for you without its costing you anything—of course, if the notes aren't found, the secretary is a ruined man, but that needn't worry you. We'll put it, too, that you weren't suddenly tempted, but that you intended all along to do what you did. You saw it was no use to offer a cheque and then get it lost. The secretary would have just asked you to stop it at the bank and write another one. But you knew that no one keeps track of the numbers of notes of small value, so it would be no use stopping them."

The colour surged back into Mr. Potts's face till it was rosy-pink to the tips of his ears.

"I don't know what you are driving at," he said in a faint whisper.

"Now we'll say," continued Mayo, "that, as soon as the secretary's back was turned, you picked up the notes again and slipped them behind the crinkly paper in the fireplace. So that's where we look for them, and"—he thrust his hand behind the paper and pulled out a thick wad of notes—"that's

where we find them. I hadn't been in the room two minutes before I saw that that was about the only place they could be in; and after I had thrown the match into the fireplace, I knew who had put them there."

He laid the notes on the desk and continued.

"As everybody knows who knows anything about me, being an old Jeremy Diddler myself, I've got a sort of fellow-feeling for thieves. But I don't know as I've ever had any sympathy with your kind." The revivalist's voice began to thunder as it sometimes thundered from the Eglinton Street pulpit. "What is it you have done? You put up a thousand and ten pounds—you could easily spare it; you came here prepared to put up more than that, and honest too, if you had to—for the sick and suffering. And then you rob them of it. You rob the halt and the maimed and the blind! And it isn't only them you rob! Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." But there's worse than that! You wanted this new hospital ward to be called the Potts Ward. You wanted people when they opened their newspapers to-morrow to say: 'I see that Mr. Potts has given a new ward to St. Matthew's Hospital. How rich he must be!—and how kind-hearted! What a pity there's not more like him!' That's what you wanted them to say. Thou fool!" Mayo pointed a lean finger upwards. "There's a recording angel up there taking notes of the least little thing you and me does. Do you suppose he'd make a bloomer? Do you suppose that he'd write down in his golden book that Mr. Potts gave a thousand and ten pounds to the sick and suffering?"

Mayo paused and looked grimly at the sham philanthropist. Potts had collapsed into a chair and sat there motionless, except for his mouth, which slowly opened and shut like that of a live fish on a fishmonger's stall.

"I've told you that I've no special use for your kind of thief," continued Mayo. "It wouldn't worry me one little bit to see you go to prison. But what I have to ask myself is whether it would do anybody—and especially yourself—any good. The disgrace might soften your heart. On the other hand, it might harden it. I'm inclined to give you a chance to shut my mouth."

Mr. Potts revived with a gasp of relief. After all, it seemed, this man, who pretended to be so uncommonly pious, was as open to a bribe as any ordinary scoundrel.

"If fifty pounds is any use—" he began.

Mayo silenced him with a gesture.

"I've got a chapel where I preach every Sunday to poor chaps whose souls need doctoring just as badly as the bodies of them that come here. Four hundred pounds will put that chapel on its feet. You have four hundred and ninety in your despatch-box. Give me four hundred and I won't say a word."

But Mr. Potts, judging Mayo by his own standard of honesty, did not believe that the revivalist's motives were any better than his own. He regarded him as an equal in hypocrisy, and believed that he could treat him as an equal.

"That's blackmail," he said with a sneer.

"That's the name it goes by, right enough," replied Mayo calmly.

"And do you know that blackmail is a criminal offence?"

"I know as much as most men about what's criminal and what isn't."

"And do you realise that I've only got to telephone to the police and you leave this room with handcuffs on your wrists?"

Mayo chuckled.

"What a lark that would be! The magistrate wouldn't need to ask about my previous convictions. 'What,' he'd say—'blackmail this time, is it? It was burglary last time.' And when it came to trial the judge would as like as not let me off with a light sentence for old acquaintance' sake. And when I reached prison the warders would say, 'Hulloa! it's you again, is it?' and they'd make things light for me. The newspapers would take a lot of interest in me if I was put in the dock again. I shouldn't wonder but what the advertisement would get me all the money I want for my chapel. But I bet they'd have even more to say about Mr. Potts, the philanthropist."

Mayo paused to let visions of an eager public crowding into court to see him in the dock soak into Mr. Potts's mind.

"Well!" he said presently. "What is it to be? Shall I call the gentlemen in and tell them everything?"

"Wait," said Mr. Potts hoarsely.

He opened his despatch case, counted out four hundred pound notes, and handed them to Mayo. Mayo put them in his pocket.

"This must be an anonymous gift," he said; "but I'll get the secretary of the Prisoners' Welfare Society to send you a formal receipt for it, so that you can see there's no hanky-panky business about me. Now I'll call in the others; and if you say anything different to what I say, I'll tell them the whole story."

He opened the door and called.

"Come in, gentlemen, please. I've found the notes, and I'll give you a tip that may come in useful some other time. When half-a-dozen people start in to search for anything, the chances are that some of the likely places get searched half-a-dozen times, and others aren't looked at. But if you leave the searching to one man, especially an outsider like myself, who, not having lost the money, is not liable to get rattled, he goes about it systematically and succeeds where you fail. Now, gentlemen, there's the money on the desk, as you see. And it's up to Mr. Potts to say what the new ward shall be called. Him and me have been talking about that, and we think that self-advertisement and charity don't go well together. So he's going to call it the 'Good Samaritan Ward.' That's a suitable name that won't advertise anybody. That's agreed, isn't it, Mr. Potts?"

Mr. Potts mumbled something that did not sound much like "Yes," but was certainly not "No."

THE END.



# THE SEA-SIDE FROM THE AIR: MARGATE—THE HOME OF THE FIRST BATHING-MACHINE; AND WESTGATE.

SPECIALY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY AEROFILMS, LTD. HENDON.

SHOWING THE  
BEACH THEATRE  
AND THE  
BATHING FACILITIES  
EVOLVED FROM A  
LOCAL QUAKER'S  
INVENTION  
ABOUT 1760:  
MARGATE SANDS  
AS SEEN FROM AN  
AEROPLANE.



THE QUEEN OF  
THANET HOLIDAY  
RESORTS: MARGATE—  
AN AIR-VIEW OF  
FURLAND, SHOWING  
THE SWITCHBACK  
RAILWAY, AND  
ROUNDBOUTS,  
WITH THE BEACH  
IN THE TOP  
BACKGROUND.



A QUARTER OF A  
MILE LONG: THE  
PIER AT MARGATE,  
WITH ITS KIOSKS  
AND RESTAURANT—  
THE PLACE OF  
ARRIVAL OF MANY  
A PLEASURE-STEAMER  
FROM LONDON.

THE "WEST END"  
OF MARGATE: AN  
AIRMEN'S VIEW OF  
THE NEIGHBOURING  
TOWN OF WESTGATE,  
WITH ITS  
PICTURESQUE  
VILLAS—A QUIETER  
AND MORE SECLUDED  
RESORT.



In this series of Kentish coast views by our air photographer, we have already illustrated Folkestone, St. Margaret's, Walmer Castle, Deal, Sandwich golf course, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Kingsgate. We now come to Margate, queen of popular seaside resorts in Thanet, and her more secluded neighbour, Westgate. Margate is so familiar to Londoners that there is no need to expatiate on its present-day attractions. Glimpses of its past may be found in Lamb's essay on "The Old Margate Hoy," the sailing precursor of the modern pleasure-steamer, and in a letter of Dickens written from Broadstairs in 1842, and describing a visit to the Margate theatre with its blood-curdling melodrama. An interesting account of yet earlier days at Margate is given by Mr. Arthur D. Lewis in "The Kent Coast" (Fisher Unwin). "In the eighteenth century," he writes, "it rose to prominence as the fashionable seaside resort. We must remember that the older watering-places were inland places like Bath . . . and, indeed, when the bathing-machine was invented at

Margate, the innovation was looked upon as a sign of degeneracy, and denounced by the sterner and more Puritanical spirits of the period. . . . It was the invention of the bathing-machine, before 1765, which probably drew attention to Margate and helped greatly to increase its fame. The great contrivance from which our bathing-machine has evolved was the invention of a Margate Quaker—Benjamin Beale by name. The procedure of bathing as the Quaker arranged it was a little different from present-day methods. Apparently the lady who bathed was first driven in a bathing-machine to the bathing-room, where she undressed and left her clothes. She was then driven to some part of an enclosure into which the sea flowed, and an umbrella having been let down at the back of her 'machine,' she was shut in a dark but concealed space at the back of it." A Thanet guide of 1765 says: "By the aid of this contrivance, Ladies . . . may now enjoy all the pleasures of Bathing in so private a manner as to be consistent with the most strict delicacy."



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN thoroughly enjoyed her private visit to Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles, and to Lord and Lady Elphinstone. Her Majesty went where she liked and saw what she wanted to see without any fuss or formality.



*Perfect simplicity is the charm of this youthful evening gown, in which the sole decoration consists of a fan-shaped panel of tarnished gold lace.*

The Queen was, of course, recognised—that can never be otherwise with a personality so distinctive as her Majesty's—but was never mobbed. One of the things that is always a little astonishing is that it is in London, and at assemblages of London Society, that their Majesties are most pressed upon and stared at. It is, however, an evidence of their popularity that does not at all disconcert them, if it is one that has occasionally to be checked. I am told that being watched while they eat is disagreeable to many people; but our Royal Family do not seem to mind even that ordeal when taking tea at their annual Garden Party, if it in any way pleases their people.

The engagement of the Earl of Kinnoull to Miss Hamilton-Fellows seems to have given great pleasure to his family and hers. Lord Kinnoull was twenty-one in March, and is not to be married for some months. He succeeded his grandfather, and is an only child. His mother, Viscountess Dupplin, was Miss Gladys Bacon, a great-grand-daughter of the fifth Earl of Oxford. She is very musical and devoted to her only child. His grandfather was a clever musician, and his second wife, now Mrs. John Berington, plays the violin really well. She has two daughters—Lady Betty Hay, who is in Society, and Lady Margaret Hay, still a schoolgirl. The late Earl's eldest brother died in early manhood, leaving only one child, who married Baron Herbert von Hindenburg. This Lord Dupplin married a sister of the late Duke of Fife who, by her second marriage, with Sir Alfred Cooper, became the mother of Lady Diana Duff Cooper's husband.

Members of our sex take increasingly each season to grouse-shooting. Many women do fine execution from the butts with driven birds—a feat demanding no small skill. There are, however, sportswomen, as there are sportsmen, who infinitely prefer walking and shooting their game over dogs. This gives a species of pleasure unknown to those who shoot only driven birds. Also it provides variety of sport, for there is often a shot at a hare, or a snipe, or a black cock, or grey hen, or other kind of quarry. It provides also the most healthful kind of exercise, and is good training for stalking—a very strenuous kind of sport. One of our most notable shots is the Duchess of Sutherland, who is better with her rifle than her gun. Her sister, Lady Betty Butler, is an excellent

grouse shot. There has been a large demand for ladies' smaller bore and lighter guns this season. The Marchioness Douro and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Adams, are notable sportswomen, capable of grassing deer and of making good mixed bags of birds and ground game. The men who most objected to women guns in their parties are now quite reconciled, for no woman attempts the real business of shooting until she understands the technicalities of the sport, and is a pleasure and not a spoil-sport in the party. There is a distinct tendency towards greater simplicity in shooting parties than there used to be previous to the war. Sandwiches and a drink are now considered the right thing for a shooting lunch, instead of an elaborate meal served in a shelter. There was often a serious falling off in the bags after these luncheons in the more luxurious days. The sandwichmen and women well know that hunger is the best sauce, and that after assuaging, if not satisfying it, they are keen for another go at the birds.

There is one item of the modern woman's equipment for which there is no place on the moors, and that is the heel which, under various names, has its position well under the foot. It is tiring to walkers, extremely bad for the health, and on the moors really dangerous. Only beginners would think of wearing such things; but everyone has to begin, and a word of warning may not be out of place. A broad tread, a comfortably fitting boot or shoe with sufficient length, and light in weight, with a wide, but not too low, heel, is the footwear which alone will give ease and comfort to the woman gun. Also stockings should be soft and of wool; the silk variety beloved of town dwellers are fit only for the house or for town. They are said, indeed, to be suffering eclipse in fashionable favour through that imitation which may be the sincerest, but is also the most unappreciated, form of flattery.

Dochfour, where the Prince of Wales visited Colonel Baillie and Baroness Burton and their sons, is one of the beautiful places on the Caledonian Canal. It is not imposing, and has no look of picturesque age; it is simply lovely. Lady Burton is a sportswoman all round, and loves her Highland home. She is a smart and clever woman, and greatly beloved in her family. Neither of her sons has married. The elder will, in course of time, become Lord Burton. As his mother persists in being, to all intents and purposes, about thirty, he will have to wait for his title as long as he wants to, and that is many a decade. The Baillies are an old Highland family, dating from the fourteenth century. There is good shooting and stalking at Dochfour, and excellent fishing.



*A well-cut travelling three-piece suit, which expresses the new narrow-lined check in a wide pattern.*

The Prince will enjoy his visit to his Canadian ranch. It will be an ideal rest and change for him away from public engagements, of which he has had a surfeit. Two of our young Earls have chosen Canadian brides—Lord Minto and Lord Haddington. The Prince is unlikely to follow their example, although it is said that his Royal Highness knows that his bachelor days are numbered, and that range himself he must. He is said to intend to fit inclination with duty, and will choose him a bride ere long. He was in Canada for some time, and may have met a maiden there who took his fancy. Wouldn't a



*The most interesting feature of this attractive three-piece suit is the double belt which fastens the combined coat and cape.*

Canadian Princess of Wales be a novelty? There is, however, not the smallest support for any theory that there will be one.

Prince Henry has not had all the sympathy he deserved, for breaking an ankle-bone is a particularly painful business, and his Royal Highness did it in a very plucky way trying to discipline a recruit's unruly mount. The Prince is still on crutches, and will be unable to take any part in the autumn sport. This will be a great deprivation, for he is a good shot, and enjoys shooting. Like the Prince of Wales, however, his chief sport is with horses and ponies. He is a really good horseman, and loves hunting, polo, and steeplechasing. For these sports he will probably be quite fit again when they come along. It seems curious to read now the announcement of the date of the Beaufort Hunt Ball—Jan. 10. Cubbing will begin ere long, and the hunting season proper is not far ahead.

"The enterprising burglar isn't burgling"—at least, not at Deauville. Women seem to rejoice in wearing there their showiest jewellery. Perhaps there is something in the theory of a woman who has sold all the jewels she had and bought three immense diamonds. Two are ear-rings, the other a pendant. She is said to sleep with them in and on her. They are so large that she says that the common or garden burglar would have difficulty in disposing of them, even if he didn't decide that they were too good to be true, and settled that they were unworthy of his attentions. Perhaps there will be a boom in big gems. Writing of burglars makes me think of a lady, who was robbed at a fashionable resort, and was called to identify a man suspected of the deed. She looked him over and said: "Oh, dear, no; my burglar was quite a smart young man; not like that," with a contemptuous look at the dowdy suspect, who must have thanked his stars that if he ever had been smart, he was not so then!

A. E. L.





## Fragrant Charms

The clean, wholesome fragrance of Three Nuns commends itself not only to the smoker, but to those in his company.

Dust-free and even-burning, every little circlet of Three Nuns is a perfect blend in itself; every pipeful brings unalloyed satisfaction.

## THREE NUNS TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings:

2-oz. Tins . . . 2/4

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**THREE NUNS**  
**CIGARETTES**  
of  
Pure Virginia Tobacco  
**10 for 6D.**



## Fashions and Fancies.

### The Vagaries of the Coat Frock.



Beautiful silk stockings are one of the indispensable luxuries of life. Pale colours prevail in the most fashionable variety.

should be used; and when the panel is balanced on the unadorned side by a pocket edging to match, the effect is particularly striking.



The vogue for monograms is still on the increase. Crêpe-de-Chine handkerchiefs, with printed and scalloped borders, are susceptible to it.

It is when autumn is just approaching that the coat frock claims the fullest attention. The return of cooler days serves as a reminder of its many good qualities, and consequently the artists in dress are busy on the new forms which the coat frock will adopt. In their hands, this practical garment is also a thing of beauty; and typical of the trend of the latest designs is the attractive model sketched on this page. The salient feature, which it shares with other fashionable tailored frocks appearing at the present moment, is the long wing of the skirt which crosses over the bodice and continues its triumphant way as a wide, draped collar. Light material—preferably printed



Light-coloured suede shoes, banded with leather of a deeper colour, are Fashion's decree in the matter of footwear.



Paris has set the seal of her approval on short flaring gauntlet gloves.

should have had a considerable effect on the trend of fashion, and certainly on the question of shoes this invasion from across the Atlantic has had great influence. Light shoes of doeskin or suede, banded with leather of a darker colour, are one innovation for



It is the little accessories of dress that count; too much care cannot be spent over the selection of perfectly cut gloves.

is always to the fore at this time of the year, since it invites the use of furs. No accessories enhance the charm of a pretty face more than good furs.

**A Note on Shoes.** It was inevitable that the record influx of Americans this summer



A lovely silk and wool marocain coat frock showing the early autumn tendency to combine the wing and collar.

which we have to thank them, and there is, at the present moment, a decided tendency to decrease the

height of the heels. This applies not only to outdoor shoes, but to dancing and evening slippers; and there is no doubt that its effect will be far-reaching, for the flattening of the heels must affect the shape of the whole shoe, throwing the weight more on to the arch of the foot. Short-toed shoes are bound to suffer an eclipse, temporarily at any rate, and so, too, are the exceedingly pointed shoes that have held their own for some while. Shoes with a long, moderately pointed vamp will take their place in Fashion's good graces. Bar models still fear no rivals for wear on important occasions, though the lace shoe will always find adherents; and it is now the one-bar, or, at most, the two-bar shoes that are most in evidence, the vogue of the many-strap shoe being on the decline.

### Fashions in Stockings.

Beautiful silk stockings add a certain

cachet to a well-planned toilet that no discriminating woman who prides herself on her dressing can afford



These well-built walking shoes are a typical instance of the growing fashion for flat-heeled shoes.

this season, and they draw attention to perfection and imperfection alike. All the delicate shades that range between biscuit-colour and white are fashionable at the moment, and they must, of course, be accompanied by shoes that are not chosen to match, but are of a contrasting and deeper colour. In this respect the autumn promises us no change in the reigning modes.

Diamond patterns are increasing in favour as a decoration, and all golfers will appreciate the charm of these heavy spun silk sports stockings.



A cobweb design on a wide check background is the latest handkerchief novelty that Paris has produced.



Solgardine Cape.

## SOLGARDINE Burberrys' New Weatherproof

24 delightful colours, sun-bright on one side, mingling with quieter shades on the other.

SOLGARDINE is a wonderful example of the most perfect weaving, which, for the first time in the history of the House, enables Burberrys to recommend with confidence a naturally ventilating weatherproof made of a single texture.

Burberrys are showing a fine collection of SOLGARDINE models.

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

EAST AND WEST IN EUROPEAN MUSIC.

A PHILOSOPHICAL friend of mine divides those who are affected by music into two classes—"hearers" and "listeners." The "listeners" are in the minority. They are the people who are seriously interested in music. When they hear it, they concentrate their attention upon it; when they cannot do this, they would rather not hear music at all. The "hearers" do not want to concentrate their attention. They do not go much to concerts, but they like to have music sounding about them as a general background to life. They are the enormous majority, the people for whom the proprietors of cafés and restaurants provide bands to accompany the functions of eating and drinking. The "listeners" as a rule hate music in a restaurant. It distracts their attention from both food and conversation. If they are in the habit of listening to music, they cannot help concentrating attention on it, even against their will. My philosopher is inclined to maintain that the "hearers," being in the majority, are the more important class of the two, and that it is this class whose impressions of music are of the greater scientific interest.

We suffer—I speak as a "listener"—only too much in London from certain restaurant music; but I think that the nuisance is more widespread in Central Europe. And as it is a matter of common agreement that the Central European nations are much more musical than the English, it might be argued that this prevalence of casual music proves my philosopher to be in the right. I do not propose to argue the case at this moment, but will confine myself to saying that to the musician who does happen to be interested in the psychology of music this casual music may be of very great interest.

The repertory of restaurant music includes a good

deal that is common to all countries. You will hear the same dance music and the same musical-comedy tunes in London, Rome, Berlin, or Vienna. The interest of it lies in the different styles in which it is played. In Germany the tendency of restaurant-players is to make everything sound like Schumann or Mendelssohn. In Vienna and other Austrian towns, they seem to be trying to make everything

fashionable, or has been, but not local. We love Schubert and Beethoven, but we associate them with quite different ideas. An Englishman, even a North German, cannot help being repelled by the triviality of such themes when they occur in the monumental symphonies of Mahler: the Austrian loves Mahler all the better for them.

That peculiar style of playing which one notices in Austrian bands is appropriate enough to the music of its own country, but it sometimes becomes peculiarly irritating in music of different origin. Its characteristic signs are an extreme vigour of attack and an exaggeration of *staccato*, combined with a sentimentality of phrase which is not at all exaggerated, but which permeates the whole music even at quite unimportant moments. The impression which it gives is that of extreme excitability and extreme sensibility or susceptibility. It is an essentially instrumental style. Such effects can be produced not with the voice, but with the bow of the violin. The people of these south-eastern parts of Europe are, in fact, born fiddlers, and their whole conception of music is mainly instrumental. Our north-western conception of music is vocal. The English were singers before Vienna had ever been heard of in the world of music. All the arts of musical composition which derived their effect from the combination of voices arose in England and Flanders in the Middle Ages. The great contribution of the south-east was the instrumental music of the early eighteenth century, which

developed into the school of Mozart and Beethoven. The men who made the style were for the most part of Slavonic origin, Bohemians and Croats. Vienna, by its geographical position, was the meeting-point of Italian, Slavonic, and German music.

The human voice is naturally the most perfect and expressive of all musical instruments. We can see this on any occasion. Whatever kind of music

(Continued overleaf.)



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The stamps here shown are a 30-mark stamp overprinted 8000 (marks); a new 10,000-mark stamp, bearing a view of Cologne Cathedral; and a 25-mark and a 200-mark stamp, both overprinted 20,000 (marks).

Photograph by Phototek (Berlin).

sound like Strauss. Even serious symphonic music comes under this curious influence. It means that Strauss and his family of waltz composers were themselves part of a local tradition which embraced Schubert, Bruckner, Mahler, and even Beethoven himself. To the Viennese mind the local waltz is the foundation of all music. To us it is associated only with the ball-room and the theatre. It is

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And ushers in the morn;  
The hounds all join in  
glorious cry,  
The hounds all join in  
glorious cry;  
The huntsman winds his  
horn,  
The huntsman winds his  
horn;  
Then a hunting we will go.



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(Continued.)

may be going on, as soon as a human voice takes part in it, our attention cannot help fixing itself at once on the singer. It is perfectly reasonable that the world's great singers should have been paid fabulous fees, because singing has a power of expression which no other type of music can approach. I am speaking not from the point of view of the composer or the trained musician, but from that of the ordinary person who is directly susceptible to music. The first idea of those who made instruments was obviously to imitate the human voice as far as they were able. In the early stages composers expected instruments to play the same kind of music as was written for singers. Later on, the instrumentalists discovered that they could do things which the singers could not. They could play quicker, for one thing. They could make music dance, leap, and spring. The singer might express a spiritual exaltation which was appropriate to religion and to such thoughts as belong to the border-line of religion. The player could express physical excitement; more than that, he could produce it.

That is the secret of the south-eastern influence in music. That is why the Austrian and Bohemian players, however paltry and trivial their music may be, have such an irresistible fascination. There are moments when one becomes too much aware of its intention, and one turns away with a shudder at its vulgarity. When the right balance is struck between physical excitement and spiritual exaltation, as it may be in a symphony of Beethoven, such playing is an extraordinary source of joy. But one can understand how this outlook on music may have, in more definitively artistic circles, a dangerously paralysing influence. Vienna, as a musical city, is one of the most conservative in Europe. The hostility towards contemporary movements is more marked there than anywhere else. Such a composer as Schönberg finds more sympathetic appreciation in London, or even in Paris, than he does in his own city. In England we are tending to separate music-lovers into two classes, an aristocracy and a proletariat. Some musicians regard this as a very dangerous sign. In Vienna, where there is a far stronger national tradition of "being musical," the line of demarcation is hardly apparent. The musical proletariat are much better educated, the "aristocracy" less interested than ours in new ideas. The "hearers" and the "listeners" meet on common ground. This should make, one might think, for progress; but it appears to make for stagnation.—EDWARD J. DENT.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

H GREENWOOD (Glossop).—Problems received with thanks.

E FOCKE (Valparaiso).—In the solution we printed of No. 3902 there is no error. We are afraid you do not understand the English system of notation. Perhaps if we print the solution thus—

C 2—b 3

c 5—f 7

f 4—E 4

Any move

Q mates accordingly, you will see what was meant.

H E McFARLANE (St. Louis).—Many thanks for chess publication.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3911.—By REV. NOEL BONAVIA-HUNT

WHITE

BLACK

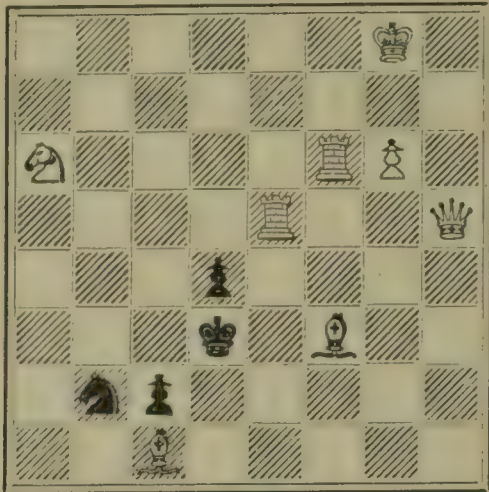
1. P to B 4th

Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3913.—By THE LATE J. W. ABBOTT. IN MEMORIAM

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 3912, BY H. GUNNING.—We regret we omitted to state that the problem was in two moves. All solutions sent will be acknowledged.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3908 received from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver); of No. 3910 from D P Giannini (Greece); of No. 3911 from James M K Lupton (Richmond), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Edmund Howard (Spain), E M Vicars (Norfolk), R B N, George Kunze (Birmingham), Henry Knope (Norway), D P Giannini (Greece), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), H Greenwood (Glossop), O Newbold (Surrey), and Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3912 received from L W Cafferata (Newark), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), H W Satow (Bangor), C H Watson (Masham), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W Rayer Harnar, Albert Taylor (Sheffield), R P Nicholson (Crayke), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), G Stillhugheer Johnson (Cobham), James M K Lupton (Richmond), R B N and George Kunze (Birmingham), and M Trucharte (Spain).

## CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament at Liverpool, between MESSRS. SPENCER and MIESSES.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	15. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	16. Kt takes B P	B to R 5th
3. B to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	White must have overlooked this resource for Black, as it completely breaks up his combination.	
4. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	17. Kt tks B (ch)	R takes Kt
5. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. B to Kt 4 (ch)	B to Q 2nd
6. Castles	Q to B 2nd	19. Q to K 2nd	B takes B
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. Q tks B (ch)	Q to Q 2nd
8. R to K sq	B to Q 2nd	21. Q to K 2nd	R to Q 6th
9. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	22. Q to K B 2nd	Q to B 3rd

The opening has certainly been developed on novel lines when a position like this is reached. It now becomes a question whose will be the first blunder.

10. K P takes P B takes P  
11. P to Q 5th Kt to K 4th  
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd Castles Q R  
13. Kt to Kt 5th

Trying to force things too soon. Not only is a Pawn lost, but Black recovers full freedom of action.

13. P takes P  
14. P to B 4th Kt (K 4th) tks P

With the exchange of Queens the road is made clear for the advance of Black's passed Pawns.  
29. R takes Q P to B 6th

White resigns.

## AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL.

(See Illustrations on Page 397.)

WE give here some further particulars in explanation of the drawings on page 397, as there was not enough space for them underneath the illustration. One of the wonderful instruments in use at the Croydon Aerodrome, for air-traffic control, is the wireless direction-finder. Should a pilot be off his course, and temporarily lost owing to fog or low clouds, he sends out a call. This is picked up by the operators at Croydon and at the air station at Pulham, in Norfolk. By the direction and strength of the sound signals from the lost machine they can tell the direction of the caller, which is indicated by a pointer on the dial of the instrument. Then by revolving the other pointer they can ascertain whether the signal is coming in from North, South, East, or West. Pulham then sends its information to Croydon. There the operator goes to his chart, and draws two strings on the directions ascertained from the spot marked "Pulham," and the place marked "Croydon," and where these two lines intersect is the position of the lost machine. This work takes less time to carry out than explain, and in a matter of seconds after the signal has been received, the operator at Croydon is "on" to the lost pilot, giving him the information he requires. Further signalling is done by coloured lights fired from a Verey pistol.

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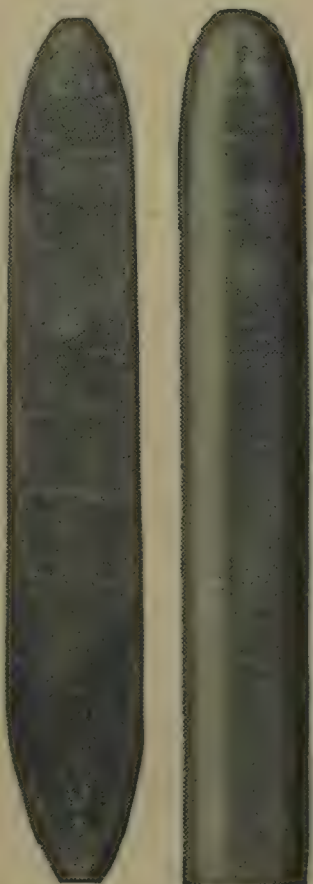
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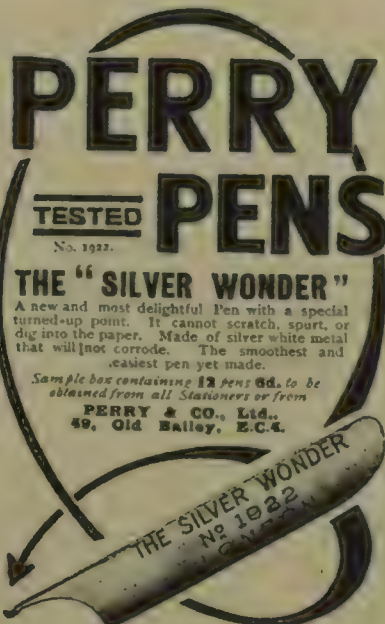
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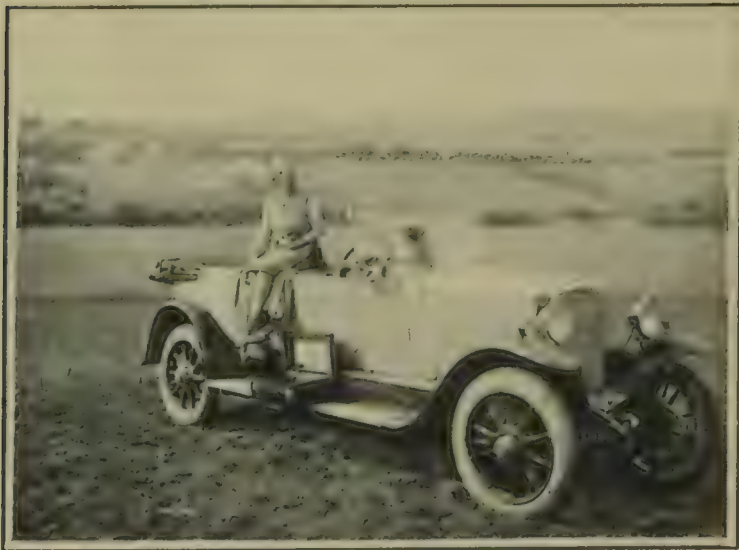
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Driving and Drunkenness.

The daily Press has taken up the question of the drunken motorist as the Silly Season topic of the year. Not for a moment do I regard the matter as other than very serious indeed. The drunken person



A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS ON A MOTORING HOLIDAY:  
MISS DOROTHY DIX AND HER STEYR CAR.

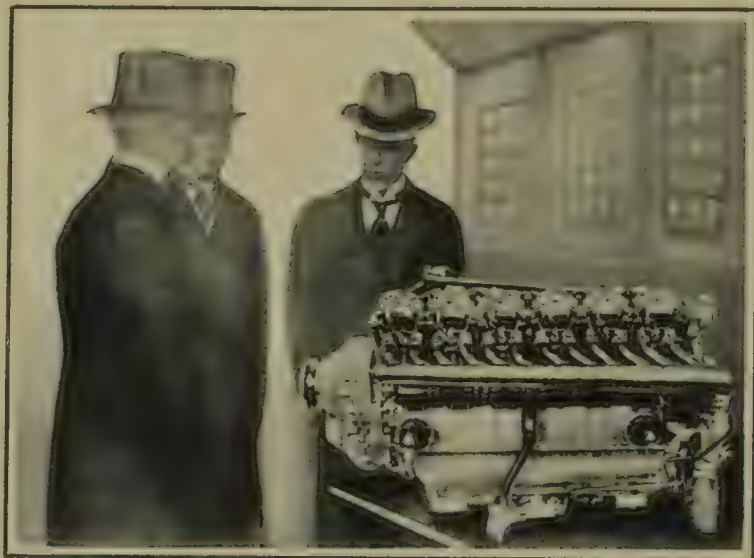
at the wheel of a car is unquestionably a terrible danger to the whole community of road-users, and no measures within the four corners of the law are too severe to be put into operation against him. But if one were to take seriously all that is being written about motorists and drunkenness, the impression would be gained that this year, above all other years, there has been a veritable orgy of drink taking place among those who drive and use motor-cars. Whether there actually have been more cases of drunkenness at the wheel than is normally the case I do not know. Quite possibly there has been an increase in such cases, but the answer to that is that there is a very largely increased number of motor-car users, not all of whom have the necessary self-control and balance of mind to know when they have had enough. Whether this is so or not, we cannot certainly evade the point that a certain type of journal has made the very most

out of every case reported. As I have said, nothing is too bad for the really drunken driver. I agree with those who maintain that fines do not fit the case, and that a sentence of imprisonment, preferably with hard labour, is probably the best deterrent. But, if this is going to be the standard punishment, I do think we have a right to demand that there shall be less doubt about the actual degree of drunkenness than there is in too many cases now. Take the example which cropped up in one of the courts recently, in which the policeman concerned, asked why he thought the defendant was drunk, said that the latter's eyes were fixed and staring. It was shown that the defendant actually had a glass eye! No wonder it looked fixed.

If, as I say, prison is to be the lot of the drunken driver, I maintain that the test has got to be changed, and the mere fact that a person was "under the influence" is not enough. It must be shown quite clearly that he is not capable of properly controlling his car. He must actually be a potential danger before it is safe to convict, bearing in mind the terribly serious consequences entailed by a sentence of imprisonment. If the actual offence is becoming as frequent as the daily Press would have us believe, I suggest that every police-station should have attached to the staff, or at easy call, an expert motorist who shall be the judge of whether the degree of drunkenness present amounts to incapacity. It is not enough that the person cannot pronounce "British Constitution" to the satisfaction of the station sergeant.

The different attitudes adopted by the police in various parts of the country, relative to motoring and

the motorist, are quite remarkable. So widely divergent are the standpoints that I wonder the police authorities do not get together, discuss the whole question of road use and the road-user, and formulate a standard practice, so to say. For example, a Surrey superintendent, who claims to speak for the County Constabulary, has been telling the newspapers that he attributes the "ever-increasing toll of accidents" to selfishness on the part of a section of motorists. His remedy is to make it illegal to manufacture a touring car which is capable of a speed of more than thirty miles an hour. It seems to be rather a pity that senior officers of constabulary should deliver themselves of such opinions, which simply serve to demonstrate ignorance of the many technical problems involved in a suggestion like this. I do not say it is impossible to build a car complying with this condition. It is possible, and, further, it has been done. Years ago Messrs. Rolls-Royce built a car which they called the "Legalimit," which would not



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do more than twenty miles per hour. I believe it was built to the order of a well-known newspaper Peer—who tired of it in a week or very little more.  
*(Continued overleaf.)*



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(Continued.)  
No, Mr. Superintendent, it cannot be done that way.

Much better are the views of the Chief Constable of Hertfordshire, as printed in the *Times*. He thinks, having regard to the increase in the numbers of motor vehicles, that there is no appreciable access to the amount of dangerous or inconsiderate driving. He mentions that the police of Hertfordshire rely chiefly on Section 1 of the Motor-Car Act, and that they do not base prosecutions on speed alone. Yet I do not hear that they have more accidents in Hertfordshire than in other counties where they take a more critical view of speed.

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We get so little tyre trouble nowadays that the question of spare wheels seldom crops up; but when it does it is apt to be in an urgent form. Very few cars carry more than a single spare, and I confess I had never given much thought to it until the other day when, while motoring in a friend's car, we had two flat tyres in a distance of under ten miles, both due to nail punctures. He was one of the wise motorists who carry two spares, and I must say—having done most of the work—I thought well of him for his wisdom. The total delay caused by the two "troubles" was twelve minutes. With only a single

spare it would have been the best part of an hour, while tubes were changed in the dark. W. W.

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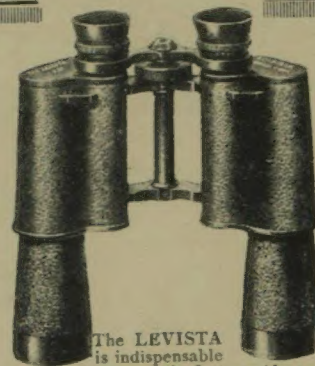
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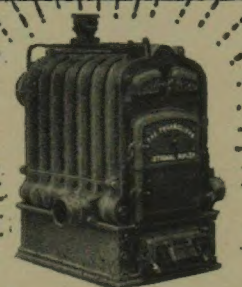
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